The Outlook

FEBRUARY 7, 1923

THE VELVET GRIP OF FRANCE

LITTLE has occurred during the past week to change materially the situation in the Ruhr Valley occupied by the French. The occupation has proceeded with a quietness that has disappointed some of the prophets of war. The most serious disturbance reported occurred, not in the Ruhr itself, but many miles away—in fact, on the other side of Coblenz, near the zone occupied by the British troops. There, it is reported, some French were wounded and some Germans were killed while the French were ejecting a recalcitrant mayor and were attacked by a mob. Apart from this incident, which occurred on January 29, the measures which France has taken for getting tangible and productive guaranties from Germany have not met with violence.

The industrial region of the Ruhr Valley itself has now been virtually isolated from the rest of Germany. The territory of this region is very small as compared with Germany as a whole. Its value lies in its mines and industries. It was there that Germany forged her armor and her weapons for the war. Now France is undertaking to see that every pound of coal and every product pays its due share on the reparations which Germany owes.

Most of the reports that come from that region tell of fears as to what may happen or hopes as to what France may secure. So far France has not proved that her undertaking is profitable from a business point of view, and the Germans have shown that they can do a good deal to thwart France's purposes by sabotage and passive resistance. In Germany the effect has been mainly emotional. It is reported that the Germans are filled with a mixture of rage against France and despair of their own future.

There is renewed talk of the erection of a Rhineland republic which would form virtually a neutral barrier behind Belgium and Luxemburg from the Netherlands to the borders of Lorraine, and thus restore the Rhine as Germany's western frontier.

International

THE FRENCH TROOPS IN ESSEN

The soldiers, with their equipment stacked up, are outside the headquarters of the Rhenish and Westphalian Coal Syndicate. Note the crowd of German schoolboys looking on

THE NEAR EAST PUZZLE

THE end of the month of January still found a difficult, and so far insoluble, block in the negotiations at Lausanne. A pessimist might even use the word ominous to describe the strengthening of the British and French naval forces in the Mediterranean, the cabled reports that special naval and military steps have been taken "in view of next week's possibilities," and the rumors that the Turks are threatening to attack Mosul.

So far—that is, up to January 30—the Angora National Assembly has given no sign of receding from its repeated declaration that Turkey must be treated as an absolutely independent nation, and that it will therefore grant no special privileges to other nations—such, for instance, as extra-territorial courts. It also stoutly maintains that the Mosul territory belongs to Turkey and will not be given up. So long as Kemal and the Assembly hold this attitude the Lausanne effort toward a reasonable agreement is hopeless. If Turkey had been one of the Allies instead of being a vicious, defeated enemy, she could not demand more; and already she has been assured of concessions that increase her power and sway in Europe far beyond what she had when the Great War began. What seems to be a Turkish ultimatum is the statement attributed to the two Turkish delegates at Lausanne that, "if the Allies are willing to adopt a set of essential principles recognizing the complete sovereignty of Turkey, with total abolition of the Capitulations and an equitable distribution of the Ottoman debt," Turkey will negotiate.

An elaborate draft of a proposed treaty has been submitted to the Turks by the Allies, and their reply will either by continued obduracy break up the Lausanne Conference or will open the way to possible negotiation. It is currently reported that the Turks will not consent to refer the Mosul question to the League of Nations.

It is easy to see why the Russian Soviet Government should offer an asylum to some 250,000 Armenian refugees. Russia would thereby gain a valuable working population committed to the support of the Reds as their saviors. It is natural also that the Armenians in their desperate plight and danger should look with favor at the offer. But it is to be noted that the benevolent Reds do not offer to transport and install these helpless people, so that the Armenian delegation at Lausanne expresses hope that other countries will "philanthropically help in the noble work of establishing the Armenians in their new Russian home."

LABOR SHORTAGE AND IMMIGRATION

SOME of the chief industries of the Nation, looking ahead, see an acute shortage of man power in the immediate future. Indeed, they assert, we already are experiencing the first taste of the shortage; by spring they expect to measure its full force.

The automotive industries, for instance, are planning to produce approximately 3,000,000 passenger cars and trucks in 1923, as compared with a production slightly in excess of 2,500,000 in 1922, the record year. They will need from 200,000 to 300,000 additional workers.

Building construction leaped into the

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stride of an old-time—or, rather, a new-time—boom during the past year, the totals for new buildings breaking all records, not only in dollars but numbers. The shortage of skilled workmen became so acute in these lines in 1922 that the daily wage of the skilled artisan climbed to an average of from $10 to $12, while here and there, notably in New York City, wages and bonuses aggregating $30 a day were paid for the services of the best workers.

Building construction, in the view of many engaged in the business, will exceed even that record this year. There has been no great seasonal recession during the winter months, such as we have generally experienced in the past. All America wants a home, and apparently is willing to pay for it. The building trades foresee the need of at least 150,000 more skilled employees, and will pay them top wages.

The farmer is coming up from the depths of the financial depression where he has been buried for the past three years. He is calling for more help. Last year the United States Employment Service, co-operating with other kindred agencies, supplied hands for the harvest, and in doing so swept surplus labor from the cities to the fields. The Service now finds no surplus available in the cities, save among clerical workers alone. If the call from the farm were to come now, it would be impossible to answer it.

Iron and steel plants, running at from seventy-five to eighty-five per cent of capacity, plan increased output. Car builders and locomotive manufacturers, under the stimulus of reviving business, added thousands to their pay-rolls last year, and are receiving greatly increased business in 1923. The railways, whose traffic has stood at high tide thus far during the winter, to their own surprise and gratification, now foresee an unprecedented volume of business this year. They employ now 1,800,000 men and women; they anticipate employing 2,000,000 before long.

Manufacturers everywhere are displaying "Help Wanted" signs.

WHAT SHOULD BE DONE?

THE boards are swept bare of available labor to-day, the Employment Service states; where, then, shall we look for our requirements in the heavy months ahead?

The farmer, the manufacturer, the banker, and the credit man of the country, the last named with a sub-surface interest of much concern, have become associated in common counsel to work out an answer, if answer can be found. Through leading officials of their trade organizations these groups have committed themselves to a revision of the Immigration Law, which at the present time restricts the number of immigrants to three per cent annually of the number of nationals in the United States.

A bill has been introduced in the Senate by Mr. Colt, of Rhode Island, designed to permit an increased flow of immigration to our shores. That bill has the backing of the groups enumerated above and of other business interests. It is opposed by organized labor.

A mere letting down of the bars would be a blunder. We need in this country, not less, but more discrimination in our regulation of immigration. We should learn from our neighbor Canada. She does not let aliens in indiscriminately even when she needs labor; nor, on the other hand, does she attempt to deal with a human problem in a mechanical, arithmetical fashion. She decides what immigrants she needs and what she does not want. She intelligently selects those whom she thinks will keep her to her work and build up a fine type of people. If America is to modify her Immigration Law, let her be guided, not by the demands of employers to meet an emergency, but by the teaching of past experience and by an intelligent foresight.

It seems unlikely at this writing that the Colt Bill will be passed at the present session of Congress. Other legislation presses for place and adjournment day approaches. Whatever is done, however, it becomes increasingly apparent with the passing of winter that the year 1923 will go down in our industrial history as a year of the full dinner-pail and the fat pay envelope for all who wish to labor.

HIS BUDGET AND OUR BUDGET

PRESIDENT HARDING'S address on the National Budget, made on January 29, at the fourth meeting of the business organization of the Government, deserves a wide reading. Many of us did not even know that such meetings were held or that they were a National outcome of the adoption of the Budget Act a year and a half ago. If these organization meetings are all as interesting as this one, the average citizen might well follow them with interest. He may learn from the address before us that economy is actually in operation; that the estimated deficit for 1923 of $181,000,000 has been cut down to $92,000,000, and that "what now confronts us is the overcoming of this estimated deficit of $92,000,000 and, if possible, the closing of this fiscal year with a balance on the right side of the ledger."

The citizen may learn also from the President's address and the report of General Lord, Director of the Bureau of the Budget, just what the Budget is, what it tries to do, and what it has actually accomplished. The Congressman who lately described the Budget as "something which everybody favors and nobody understands" should read General Lord's definition of it as "the every-day, common sense of successful big business applied to the routine business of the United States, the biggest business in the world." He should read also the facts and figures that back up this definition.

The President in his talk pointed out that under the terms of the law the President is required to transmit the Budget. "It is his Budget. He recommends it to Congress upon his own responsibility as the head of the executive branch of the Government."

Very true. But the President also said to the administrators of the Budget plan:

> If you have made sacrifices of certain cherished plans in connection with your work in order that expenditures might be reduced; if you have become discouraged and wearied at this continuing insistence upon economy; if you have labored, as possibly some of you have labored, without apparent recognition of your services, we should remember that what we are doing is not for ourselves, not for our immediate chief, not for the President of the United States, but for the people, the stockholders of this great business, who are dependent upon us for the welfare and the proper conduct of this great business.

So it is his Budget and our Budget. We may all, therefore, feel a pride in General Lord's quotation from the President's ultimatum when told of the great divergence between expected receipts and proposed expenditures: "Our country is one of the few countries in the world which are now paying their way as they go, and to the extent that the power is vested in me I will approve no estimates for appropriations, I will countenance no obligation of the Federal credit, I will permit no expenditure of public funds that will in any way jeopardize this fortunate and safe condition of affairs."

The National Budget ought to be a boon to claimants for just dues from the Government. General Lord tells a story of the muddle in pre-Budget days:

> A San Francisco man, who had a contract with the Government, came on to Washington to attempt to clear up matters that would have required the expense of a letter and a postage stamp in commercial circles. After many days of vain effort, he wrote as follows to his young son back home: "My son, when you become of age, and your country is in war, fight for it to the last drop of your blood, but do no business with it."

The Budget inspires to economy in little things as well as big. To give

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WHY STAND YOU IN THIS STRANGE STARE?

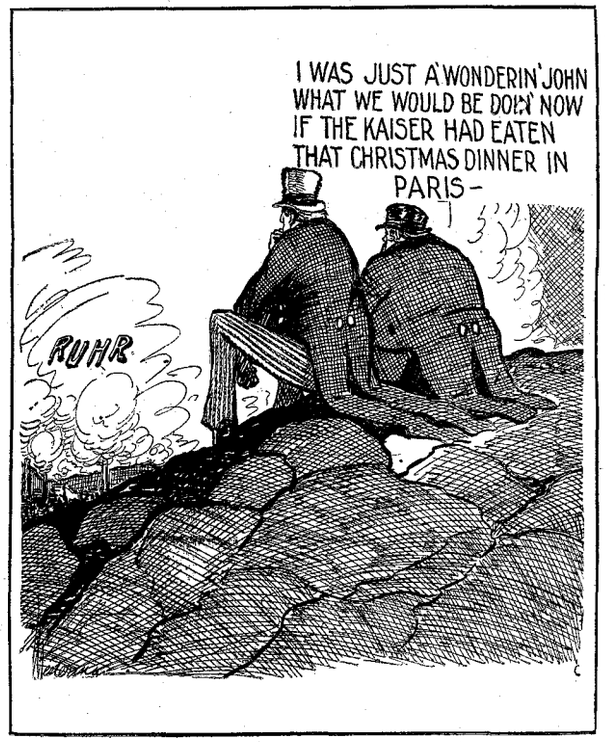
(The Tempest, Act III, Scene 3)

Donahey in the Cleveland Plain Dealer

"TIME TO STOP FOOLING AND OPEN THAT DOOR!"

From John J. Logan, Kipton, Ohio

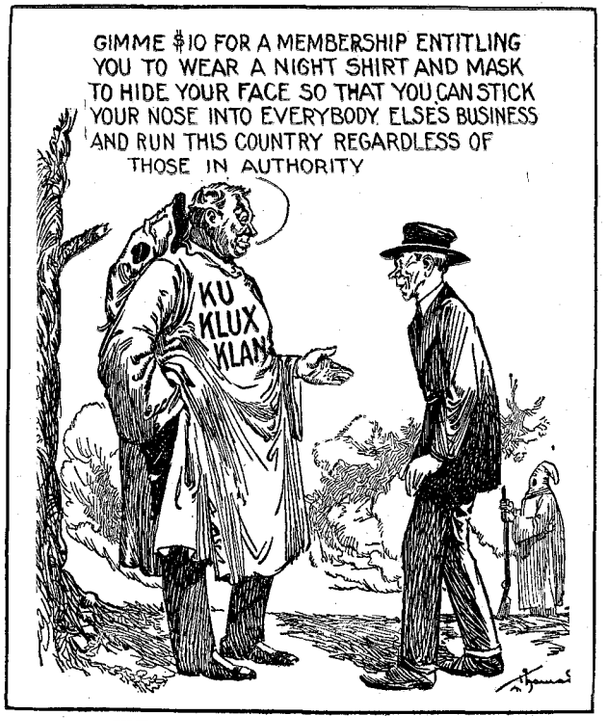
Westerman in the Ohio State Journal



THE INNOCENT BYSTANDERS

From Myrtle M. Armer, Columbus, Ohio

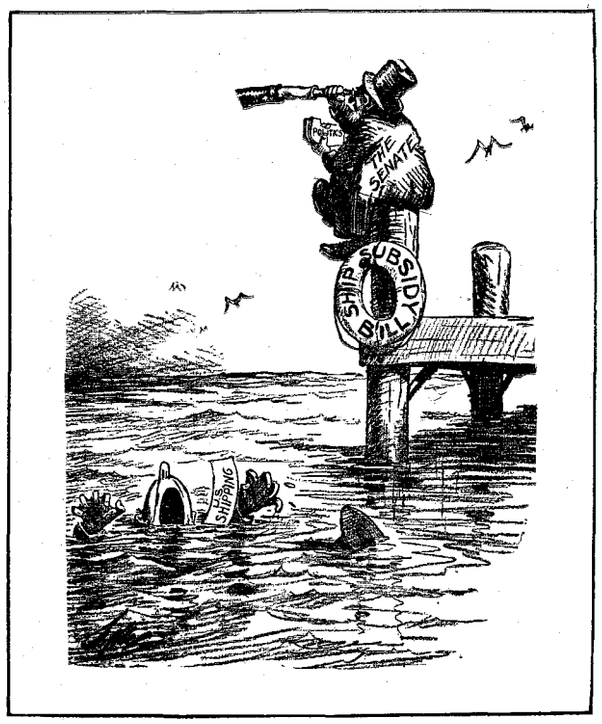
Thomas in the Detroit News


GIMME $10 FOR A MEMBERSHIP ENTITLING YOU TO WEAR A NIGHT SHIRT AND MASK TO HIDE YOUR FACE SO THAT YOU CAN STICK YOUR NOSE INTO EVERYBODY ELSES BUSINESS AND RUN THIS COUNTRY REGARDLESS OF THOSE IN AUTHORITY
KU KLUX KLAN

UNIQUE PROPOSITION IN CITIZENSHIP

From Bert C. Preston, Armada, Michigan

Sykes in the Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger



OTHERWISE ENGAGED

From Mrs. R. E. Popplewell, Philadelphia, Pa.

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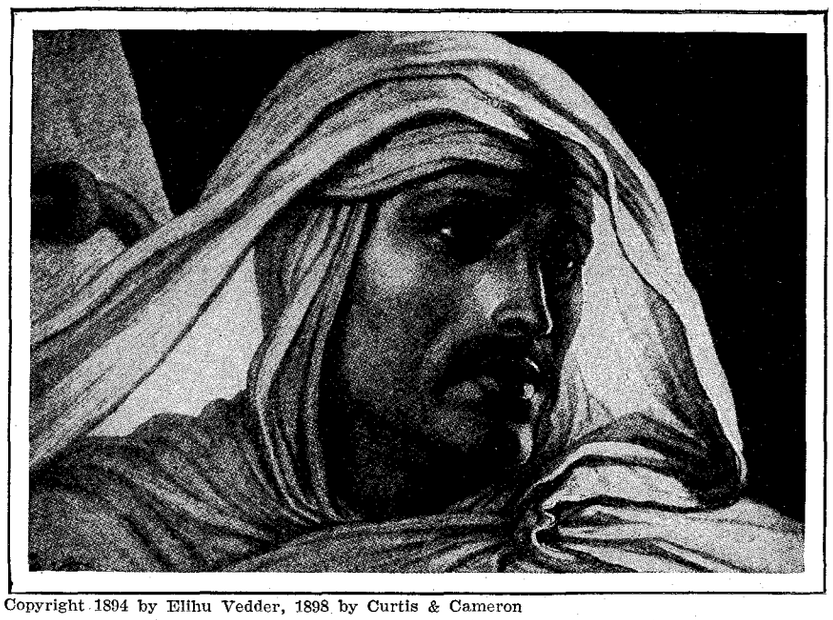

Copyright 1894 by Elihu Vedder, 1898 by Curtis & Cameron

LAZARUS," BY ELIHU VEDDER

this human aspect of saving, General Lord quotes some of the replies the Secretary of Agriculture received from workmen employees. Here are two of them.

> I, William J. Johnson, filling position of fireman and drawing laborer pay, I save the diferance between maximent pay of fireman and manuel laborer; then i am economical with materrel; and also assisted in planing the change of grates in boilers which saves quite a bit of coal, which means money. [The coal saving by this fireman was 400 tons.]

> By using brooms longer than others would have used them, I have saved 4 brooms. In a similar manner I have saved 4 mops, 3 dust pans, 3 brushes, 60 cakes soap, 40 lb. washing powder. Now saving 30 lb. ice per day. (Signed) J. Jones.

If every one saved like this in personal budgets, it would be easier to meet the demands of our National Budget.

COAL PEACE OR COAL TRUCE?

In view of the optimistic utterance by the President's Coal Commission as to this year's coal situation, the coal user cannot feel entirely enthusiastic about the settlement since reached by some operators and some workers. It has been called by various newspaper commentators a "peace," a "truce," and "a quarter of a loaf." It covers only the soft-coal industry in three States, which yield not much more than a third of the bituminous production; it makes a one-year contract from April 1, whereas in the past the two years' contract (as established after the decision of the Roosevelt Commission in 1903) for a long time gave stability to labor and capital; it does not affect the non-union districts; and it does not ensure to consumers relief as to price, although many are now paying as high as $12 a ton for soft coal as a substitute for anthracite.

On the other hand, the three States whose miners and mine-owners have reached this agreement (Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio) have always led the way in the making of contracts, and there is little doubt that others will follow. It is hopeful also to note that the agreement declares that it recognizes "the urge of the United States Coal Commission in the interest of the common welfare."

The position in which the coal industry will stand if the lines of this agreement are followed throughout both branches is this: the miners will keep their present high wages; the producers, wholesale and retail dealers will therefore hold out for high prices; the consumer will get his coal—at a price.

ELIHU VEDDER

From a Wood Engraving by W. B. Closson

The need is as great as ever that Congress on receiving the full report of the Coal Commission should take up actively and thoroughly the basic questions involved and do its best to pass laws that will put stability, open dealing, and straight business principles into the coal industry.

THE WORK OF ELIHU VEDDER

Father Time with his ruthless scythe is steadily disclosing the fact that, in spite of its "almighty dollar," the United States is achieving distinction in art and is developing an art tradition. It is a pity, but it is true, that Americans often do not realize what their fellow-countrymen have accomplished in the domain of the fine arts until they get their information from obituary notices. This irony of fate appears in a rather striking fashion in the case of Elihu Vedder, the American painter and illustrator, who died in Rome on January 29 at the age of eighty-seven.

Elihu Vedder was born in New York, of an old American family of Dutch extraction; studied here and abroad; tried to enlist in the Civil War, but was rejected because of a physical injury he had received while duck shooting; was elected fifty-seven years ago an associate of the National Academy of Design, but finally settled permanently in Rome. He was a regular exhibitor at the Academy of Design, and did some notable mural decoration in this country. Fine examples of this phase of his art may be seen in the Congressional Library at Washington and at Bowdoin College. The range of his genius is indicated by his essays in sculpture, fiction, and poetry. One of the most entertaining and readable books of reminiscences published in recent times in this country is Vedder's "Digressions of V." His best-known work, however, was in the field of illustration. In the '80s he illustrated an edition of FitzGerald's "Rubaiyat" of Omar Khayyám, which gave him an international fame and added to the popularity of those Anglo-Persian quatrains in the United States.

Elihu Vedder not only was an artist of distinction, but had a distinctive personality. He was a delightful talker and story-teller, and was in some respects an "original." His naturalness, spontaneity, and utter freedom from affectation were quite delightfully indicated in a story that was told of him somewhere in connection with Alma Tadema. It is said that he was once spending a week-end with that elegant, polished, somewhat finicky, and highly successful English artist, and much shocked his host by calling downstairs over the banisters, in a loud voice, while

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he was dressing for dinner: "Alma! Where are the scissors that you trim your cuffs with?" It is more than probable that his own cuffs did not require this home-made surgical treatment, but that he took this means of jocosely shocking the sensibilities of a confrère whose nicety, he thought, both in art and in person was sometimes carried to an extreme. For it was the beauty of vigor, rather than beauty of daintiness, that always appealed to Elihu Vedder.

BETTER HEALTH STANDARDS FOR CHILDREN

THE fight which Mr. C. K. Taylor has been waging in the columns of The Outlook for a better system of measurement of children has had very important results. As readers of The Outlook know, Mr. Taylor's own system has been adopted in its entirety by the schools of Kansas City, Missouri. This adoption has recently been approved by the Council of the Jackson County Medical Society. The Council has voiced its approval in the following resolution:

Be it resolved:

We, the Council of the Jackson County Medical Society, before whom Mr. Charles K. Taylor, Department of Standards, Carteret Academy, Orange, N. J., recently demonstrated a system of physical standardization, according to types of muscular development, desire to express our great interest in the work being done by him for the American youth in their physical, mental, and moral welfare.

We desire to affirm our approval of the practical points in the system of standardization as demonstrated by Mr. Taylor.

We believe the system as presented corrects many mistaken ideas about physical health and comprehends many points demonstrating various hereditary physical types, each of which may represent perfectly healthy physiques, though not conforming to any arbitrary or so-called normal type.

We further approve of the conservative though positive action and support of the Board of Education in introducing the Taylor system of physical standardization for trial in the public schools of Kansas City.

The accuracy of Mr. Taylor's conclusions have been borne out by a recent report of the United States Public Health Service which was published on January 12, 1923. The investigators of the Public Health Service have received so many complaints concerning the tables which measure the individual child against the average weight of children of the same sex, age, and height that a special investigation was determined upon. Nearly 10,000 children were used as a basis of the test; the conclusions are summed up in the following words:

> Although on the average the children of poorer nutrition weigh less than those of better nutrition, weight alone does not seem to be sufficient for determining the nutrition of a given child. In order to pick out individual cases of poor nutrition, a physical examination by a trained physician should supplement physical measurements.

The Public Health Service discovered that some children who were found to be "excellent" as determined by examination by a physician actually weighed less than some who were classified as "poor" so far as nutrition was concerned.

This is exactly the view which Mr. Taylor has been supporting. While the system of judging children by their weight has undoubtedly resulted in discovering many cases of malnutrition, it seems that the time had come to develop the methods used in the past along the lines laid down by Mr. Taylor and the Public Health Service. There ought to be no jealousy of method where every one has but a single aim—the service of American childhood.

LINCOLN'S GIFT TO AN UNKNOWN SOLDIER

ON another page appears an unusual portrait of Abraham Lincoln. It has an interesting history. A score or so of years ago a son of Mrs. Gertrude Käsebier, the maker of the photograph as it appears in our pages, while engaged in dismantling a house in New York City, found a number of photographs in an abandoned trunk. They were mostly of the Civil War period, of the *carte de visite* size popular at that time, and many of them were portraits of Union soldiers, privates and officers, taken by Brady, the well-known Washington photographer. Among these was a picture of President Lincoln. It was apparently a reproduction of a favorite photograph, printed by some special process, but without the name of the original photographer or the printer of the reproduction. On the back of this portrait was the penciled inscription:

> lincklin
> the Presadent
> he giebt to me

Some private soldier, perhaps one of those celebrated in Grant P. Robinson's war song, "I Fights Mit Sigel"—the German-American General who, when expatriated from a tyrannical Germany, sought to help the cause of freedom in America—had, it is presumed, asked Mr. Lincoln for one of his photographs while the President was reviewing the Union troops or visiting the Army at some time during the war. This picture had been carefully treasured by the unknown soldier for many years, but finally fell into the hands of the house-wreckers who sooner or later demolish all the old houses of New York City in order to give the builders a chance to make a newer city.

Mrs. Käsebier, who is widely known as one of the pioneers in America of the better and more permanent sort of photography, with rare skill made an enlargement of a portion of the photograph which thus came into her possession. It is presented to our readers in this issue, in which it appears for the first time in any publication.

A SQUARE DEAL FOR THE PUEBLOS

TEN Indians wrapped in blankets and wearing feathered head-dresses appeared before an audience in the Town Hall, New York City, on January 24, to appeal to the American people for the protection of their homes.

Among them were Antonio Romaro, Principale of the Taos pueblo, and Waihusing, High Priest of the Zuñi pueblo.

Generations ago the Pueblos embraced Christianity, but they retained their old religious ceremonials and religious system much as the peoples of the Mediterranean or the Franks and Teutons of northern Europe retained their old customs and incorporated them into their church order and rites. Thus it happened that among these representatives was the high priest, whom the Indians of the pueblo consult in any emergency. This old man spoke to this audience in his native language, the Zuñi, and an interpreter put it into halting, but none the less appealing, English. The old high priest likened the predicament of his people to his own position there on the edge of the platform. They could go no further, he let his audience know, without perishing. These Indians, as we have had occasion to say, and as we believe most of our readers know, live in communities and carry on, in and about their adobe houses, their agriculture and handicraft. The more that we learn about the Bursum Indian Bill, which purports to settle disputes over property of whites and Indians in the neighborhood of these pueblos, the more we are convinced that it is an outrageous measure.

These Indians are very poor; but out of their poverty they raised money to enable these representatives of theirs to come East and speak directly to the President and by public meetings and through the press to the people of the country. It is not necessary to be sentimental about these people in order to see that justice be done for them. There is some danger lest those who plead on their behalf should injure these Indians' cause by representing them as an idyllic people, superior in every way to the whites, and victims solely of the white man's greed. As a matter of fact, probably as much harm has been done to

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the Indians generally by doing too much for them as by doing too little. What is demanded in this case is not, however, generosity or sentimentality, but a simple square deal.

The first thing that needs to be done is to see that the Bursum Indian Bill is defeated. It is still nominally before the Senate. It is true that defeating the Bursum Bill will not solve the problem that exists; but the passage of the Bursum Bill would make a just solution virtually impossible. When an irreparable injury is threatened, the first thing that needs to be done is to secure an injunction. Public opinion ought to issue an injunction against the Bursum Bill. There is, however, another bill which the Indians themselves approve as well as those who are pleading on their behalf. This is the Jones Bill, which as an essential means to its purpose would establish a Court of Pueblo Indian Land Claims. The principle on which this bill is based is that the Pueblo Indians' life depends upon access to water. It does not interfere, as the Bursum Bill would, with the internal life or ancient customs of the Pueblos.

In self-respect, if not from humane sentiment, the people of the United States should take note of this proposed legislation and see that it does not mean encroaching upon the rights of a defenseless people.

P. & A. Photos

PUEBLO INDIANS ON THEIR WAY TO WASHINGTON TO SEE PRESIDENT HARDING ABOUT THEIR TRIBAL LANDS

MAYA GLYPHS

BURIED in the jungles of Yucatan is one of the unsolved mysteries of the world. It is the mystery of the story of the vanished civilization which built temples and monuments worthy of the race that erected the great structures along the Nile. This race developed an elaborate system of hieroglyphic writing and carved their records upon the walls of their buildings.

(C) Underwood

DECIPHERING THE ANCIENT MAYA LANGUAGE

Dr. William Gates, of Charlottesville, Virginia, Director-General of Archæology in Guatemala, and President of the Maya Society of America, is deciphering the almost-forgotten Maya language, which is spoken in Yucatan and Guatemala. The Indian, Cipriano Alvarado, a full-blooded Quiché of that region, talks his language into the tubes of a "kymograph" or wave-writer, his words oscillating a diaphragm to which is attached a stylus, which traces the vibrations on a smoked-paper cylinder. Note the tube attached to the Indian's nostril, to catch the elusive nasal tones. Dr. Gates reads from a four-centuries old Indian manuscript

No Rosetta stone has been found, however, to aid scientists in their effort to decipher these hieroglyphics. The Maya Indians who inhabit the territory where these temples are found probably use much the same speech as the people who carved these untranslatable signs, but there has existed no way to connect the written with the spoken word.

In an effort to discover a bridge across this gap Dr. William Gates has been engaged in the work of recording the spoken Maya language by a kymograph—an instrument which records exactly the most illusive shades of pronunciation. By this method he has discovered the grammar of the Maya tongue, and has also discovered that apparently the symbols of the ancient empire were built up according to a similar system.

The hope of applying the information which Dr. Gates has gained lies in the fact that the ancient Mayas were remarkable astronomers, and that through an interpretation of their astronomical symbols a further knowledge of their glyphs may be attained. The patient and exhaustive scholarship required for such a search in the records of the past is something which it is hard for the non-scientific mind to comprehend. Most of us must be satisfied with taking off our hats at the accomplishment without following in detail the steps which lead to it.

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WHO CAN HELP GERMANY?

ON another page we print an article, by Ida Donges Staudt, describing the present plight of people in Germany. We print this in accordance with our practice to present both sides of every important public controversy. We do not doubt for a moment that the picture which the writer of that article paints represents the Germany she saw. But a little thought will show that the inferences which she draws from that picture are unjustified.

This article is typical of a great deal that is written and said to-day of Germany. The gist of it is found in these sentences: "Did America fight against Germany and Austria to ruin these nations? Was that our purpose? Whether it was our purpose or not, this is what our aloofness is helping to do. Germany and Austria are being ruined, as every living being who has been in these lands for other purposes than to profit by their plight will testify. . . . The value of the mark as it fluctuates each day frightens, paralyzes, or rouses; it always does something, and does it with a vengeance, especially in Germany. Those who possess some marks grow selfish, callous, heartless; they say, Let us eat, drink, and be merry to-day with our marks, for to-morrow they are valueless. Buy to-day, spend to-day, spend all; for if you save, the Reparation Commission will take the money from you. . . . There is only one nation under the sun that can help. . . . It is in America's hands to decide which shall triumph, the artistic or the brutal." All this means that Germany does not want to pay reparations, that in order to escape paying reparations the German people are willing to destroy their own currency, and that if Germany is in consequence ruined it will be everybody's fault or anybody's fault except Germany's.

This is as curious a process of reasoning as ever persuaded anybody.

As a matter of fact, it is not reasoning at all; it is the outcry of people who are so sympathetic with those Germans who are suffering hardship that they do not reason about it, but simply call for help.

What Germany is suffering Germany brought on herself.

In the first place, Germany undertook deliberately to devastate a great region of Europe, and she succeeded in her undertaking. In 1914 the German people were not complaining. They were elated. They may have been under an illusion—though, if so, their illusion came very near becoming a reality—but they were not cast down. The French they despised. The British they regarded as contemptible. People who were in Germany at the time and came through to America gave vivid reports of the popular exultation. And, with the occupation of Belgium and Northern France, the German army, composed not of hired aliens, but of Germans—shopkeepers, workingmen, students, the Kaiser's most ordinary subjects—that army of Germans began a systematic destruction. It is not necessary, we trust, at this day to recount in detail the deliberate course pursued by the Germans in France to make of France as far as possible a permanent industrial cripple. The German Board of Destruction planned its work with German efficiency, and with the same German efficiency the German people did the work of destruction. There was a double purpose in this. One was to prevent France from continuing as a competitor of Germany. The other was to tear down in order that German industry might have the business of supplying whatever would be replaced. This is a fact that cannot be denied and remains a fact whatever sophistry may be used in excusing Germany for causing the war. Whether responsible for the war or not, for this wanton destruction Germany was solely responsible.

For this destruction somebody has got to suffer. If this were a perfect world, the Germans would not be suffering to-day; but if this were a perfect world the Germans would not have done what they did between 1914 and 1919. They may seek to escape as many of the consequences of their own Hunnish policy as they can, but they cannot escape all of them. It is a false sentimentality and a perverted sense of justice that would hold others responsible for what the Germans did and would make others suffer in order to relieve the Germans from suffering.

In their very attempts, moreover, to escape from the consequences of their own deeds they have followed a course which is bringing new evil consequences upon them. In order to escape paying reparations they have—we may be sure not through mere carelessness—allowed their currency to become worthless as a medium for international payments. What the consequences of the depreciation of their own money have been is described graphically in the article to which we have referred. As a friend of The Outlook has put it in a letter to us:

> Germany was indifferent to the fall of her mark after the armistice; she has been more or less indifferent ever since, probably because she knew that a dead mark meant dead reparations. I think she has scored a real success, although it may cost her more in the end to redeem her fallen currency and reorganize her society than it would have cost to pay what she could without evasion.

No other country, not even America with all her resources, can reform Germany's currency for her. If Germany wants to remain an independent nation and not a satrapy of some other country, she must either reform her own currency or stop complaining about the evils that a bad currency brings. The last thing of course that those who are crying for help in Germany want is that other countries should step in and take charge of the German Government; and it is one of the last things that any country would want to do; but it is the only way by which any country but Germany could reform Germany's currency for her.

If it were not for her financial policy of destroying the international value of her own currency, of refusing to levy equitable and honest taxes, and of avoiding the payment of what she owes in reparation, Germany would be probably the most prosperous country in Europe to-day. Her farmers have been increasing their live stock; her factories have been busy; her workingmen have been employed to a far greater extent than England's; her railways have been thriving, as is proved by their coal consumption. The Outlook's friend whom we have quoted above wrote in his letter last fall: "I never saw a more prosperous-looking country than Bavaria: factory chimneys smoking; piles of coal and coke in shop yards; new buildings going up (about as in America); good crops being handled by sturdy-looking people." Such statistics as are available bear out this picture of the busy and thriving activity of the German people. None of the German resources were even temporarily destroyed as the coal mines of Lens were; none of her factories were ruined or her machinery scrapped or removed as machinery in France and Belgium was; none of her agricultural lands were rendered uncultivatable as were thousands upon thousands of acres of land in Belgium and France. Naturally, she was ready for quick recovery. And she has been saved by the thoughtfulness of her conquerors from the necessity of burdening herself with an army or with the unproductive business of manufacturing munitions! A member of the editorial staff of The Outlook, Elbert Francis Baldwin, now in Europe, has made inquiries of Government officials in France, and reports that, in spite of this prosperity four years after the armistice, of the amounts paid by Germany

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in money and in kind not one franc could enter the French reparation budget. He writes:

> Priority of payment was in favor of the furnishers of food and materials to Germany, and none of these furnishers were French; then to the cost of the armies of occupation; all the rest was absorbed by the priority payments to Belgium, as provided for by the Treaty of Versailles.
>
> Reparations are due from Germany for damages to persons and to property.
>
> To cover these damages, the French, relying on German payments, have spent out of their own savings and borrowings some ninety billion francs.
>
> About four-ninths of this sum goes to personal losses and about five-ninths to property losses.
>
> To the first category go soldier pensions, help to war widows and orphans, to the wounded and mutilated, to civilian war victims. As something like 1,500,000 soldiers have been killed or have died from war diseases in France, one may realize the charges still pressing on the Government for the first of the above items.
>
> In the second category are the construction and repair of roads, bridges, railways, canals; the building of dwellings, workmen's barracks, schoolhouses, factories, etc. As an evidence of the progress made, you have but to note that all the railways have been restored and that two-thirds of the factories have been rebuilt; as to dwellings and shops, in Rheims, a city absolutely destroyed, there are actually nearly 1,300 workmen's shanties.
>
> To aid in all this reconstruction, no German offer, up to a few months ago, was ever made except on impossible conditions. For instance, the Germans would not send any workmen to France unless unnecessarily comfortable accommodations were first provided for them, even though these men were to work in places where no house was standing and where the inhabitants were living in cellars and dugouts.

These statements from Mr. Baldwin we do not believe can be seriously called in question. The situation as there described is plain in the sight of the world. No matter what may be said about the estimate made as to the cost of repairing the damage that Germany did, it has not the slightest bearing on the indubitable fact that Germany has contributed practically nothing toward that reparation, and has systematically done what she could to evade paying anything.

Is there, then, nothing that America can do?

If it is a choice between intervening to help Germany continue to evade and doing nothing, it would be better to do nothing. If intervention means helping the robbers to get away with their spoils, there is nothing charitable or humane about intervention. If we can not join other nations on the side of justice, it is better that we should stand aloof.

We believe, however, that it is not necessary to stand aloof. We believe that America has had a duty for the last four years that she has not performed. We believe that America has failed to make it clear that she stands with those countries that demand that Germany should make restitution and if Germany will not do so willingly that she be compelled.

It is because Great Britain and America have failed to impress upon Germany the duty that the world demands of her that France has been forced to take her step into the Ruhr unaccompanied by the English-speaking nations. It is time that England and America made it clear that even a desire for markets is not sufficient reason for the defeat of the ends of justice.

Is there, then, no country that can help Germany?

Yes, there is. It is Germany herself. And until Germany begins to help herself no other country ought to help her or can.

THE DEMAND TO RECANT OR RESIGN

WHEN Bishop Manning, of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of New York, called upon the Rev. Percy Stickney Grant to recant or resign, he raised a much larger issue than is involved in any personality. That issue is not whether the Rev. Dr. Grant preaches in a way that is agreeable to the majority of people in the Episcopal Church, or whether his views are shared by more than a minority in the community. It is an issue concerning the nature of the Church.

A very common comment upon the case of Dr. Grant is put in some such words as these: "If Dr. Grant doesn't agree with the doctrines of the Episcopal Church, he ought to withdraw and go to some Church with which he does agree."

In the first place, this prejudges the very question at issue. The fact that a bishop of the Church declares that certain statements of a minister are contrary to the doctrines of the Church is not conclusive. Except such religious orders as are under the authority of commanders with arbitrary power, no ecclesiastical body that we know of unfrocks a minister except after trial. Disapproval of specific things which Dr. Grant may have said is not sufficient ground for believing that he ought to resign.

Suppose, however, a minister finds himself in disagreement with the doctrines of the Church as commonly understood within the Church. Should he not then resign? Except for his own comfort, no. If he considers his duty, he will remain and let the Church decide whether it will expel him or not. The best example for the disciple is his Master. It is plain that Jesus of Nazareth offended the ecclesiastical authorities of his day and astonished the people with the novelty of his teaching. If ever there was a religious teacher out of conformity with the doctrines of the religious body to which he belonged, it was the Man of Galilee. Yet he did not resign; he continued his teaching and left the initiative to those who wished him suppressed. And in the history of the Christian Church since that day the great teachers who have stirred the Church by what it regarded as strange doctrine have followed this example.

The reason for this uniform course on the part of its geatest leaders is to be found in their loyalty to their conception of the nature of the Church.

If a man belongs to a club and he finds the rules irksome or himself out of sympathy with his clubmates, the natural thing for him to do is to resign.

A church that regards itself as a club or private corporation may reasonably expect such members as do not wholly agree with its by-laws to withdraw and join some other club more congenial.

But if the church regards itself as a club it must not complain if it is treated as a club. It must not then expect that people will respect it any more than they respect any other club. It must be willing to see itself placed beside those fraternal orders which people join according to their taste. It cannot claim respect as an institution of universal appeal, and act like an institution of exclusiveness.

More than that, the Church cannot consistently discharge its clergy for doctrinal differences and expect or pray for Church Unity. When a Church says to one of its ministers: "We do not ask you whether you have the spirit of Christ; we do not ask whether you are following the truth as you see it; we do not ask whether you have proved your devotion to our common Master by your service in his cause; we do not ask whether you have shown in your life the spirit of faith, and hope, and love, which are the greatest things; we only ask whether you conform to certain doctrines that we have set out, and interpret them as we interpret them, and think about them the way we say you ought to think, and use the phraseology in preaching about them that we say you ought to use; and we say that if you cannot agree with us in these points of doctrine you should go off and join

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some other body that you can agree with or found a church of your own;"—when a church says that, it is virtually saying that every doctrinal faction should have its own church, that sectarianism is a good thing, that the more the Church is divided up into warring denominations the better.

It is one of the strangest facts to be encountered that the same people within the Church who are most insistent in demanding that those who do not agree with them should go off and flock by themselves are likely to be among the most ardent in repeating the prayer, "That they all may be one." And it is almost equally strange, only just less surprising, that the very same people outside of the Church who would say that honesty requires a minister who does not agree with the doctrines of his Church to get out and join its rivals are likely to be the very ones who are most emphatic in criticising if not reviling the Church for its divisions and its sectarianism.

It will never be possible for all people to think alike about religion. For centuries the power of the Church coupled with the power of the State was employed in the attempt to force men to think alike, and in vain.

If, then, the Church is to avoid schism and sectarianism, on the one hand, or the hypocrisy that comes from the suppression of honest belief for fear of consequences, on the other hand, it must permit freedom of thought and speech concerning doctrines within its own body.

Church union is possible only with the widest variety of theological belief. It is not in theology, in doctrine, in the interpretation of creeds, that the Church will ever find the unity for which it prays. It is in the common loyalty to the Master it serves and to the spirit of faith and hope and love that it can find its only bond.

LOOK BEFORE YOU LYNCH

THERE are a number of editorials which might be written on the subjects of law and order, the value of hearsay evidence, better race relations, and the application of Christianity to every-day life.

All of these editorials could be prepared by people seated comfortably in editorial chairs. They might be sound in principle, expressed in the best of English, and most beneficent in purpose. They might also result in very little effect upon the minds of those who happened to peruse them.

We have decided to forego the pleasure of writing these editorials because we have found them all in a passage in a book which has just come to the Outlook office. It is called "'Piney Woods' and Its Story,"[1] and is written by the principal of the Piney Woods School of Braxton, Mississippi, Laurence C. Jones. The passage follows:

"Just before we entered the World War a friend of mine who was a minister in a State west of the Mississippi asked me to come and help him in a revival, saying that while I was not a preacher he thought that I might still be able to help him. On the third night I happened to use various words and phrases drawn from military life and operations, telling the people that life itself was a battle, that we must stay on the firing line, and battle against ignorance, superstition, poverty, and all the evil elements of earth and air. Some white boys who happened to be riding near the church stopped and listened a few minutes and then hastened away to their settlements, spreading the news that I was urging the Negroes to 'rise up and fight the white people.' The next day about noon half a hundred men rode up to the church door and called for me. The people in the church with blanched faces looked toward me, and fear such as I never before saw on human faces looked piteously out of their eyes. I went to the door and said to the men, 'I guess I'm the one you're looking for.' The leader in a harsh voice ordered me to get in the center. The others closed around me; one threw a rope over my head and drew the noose, and down the road we went. The rest is a nightmare through which somehow sing strains of old Negro melodies. We went to a place rather free from trees, save one with a stout, jagged branch reaching out from it.

"Under this branch had been piled wood, branches, and fagots, and around the pile was a sea of stern faces, while riders on horses and mules kept coming in an unending stream. A horrible yell rent the air and two or three young boys climbed the tree ready to catch the rope. I was picked up bodily and thrown on the top of the pile of wood, while another roar of noise went up from every throat. Meanwhile I could hear the cocking and priming of guns and revolvers, and from various parts of the crowd random shots had begun to be fired. Then a strange thing happened. One man jumped to the side of the log heap and, waving his hat for silence, demanded that I make a speech. And I did speak; I spoke as I had never spoken before about the life in our Southland and of what we should all do to make it better. I told stories that made the crowd laugh, I explained what I had really said the night before, I referred to different white men in the South with whom I had had helpful dealing, naming such men as Hon. R. F. Everett, Major Patrick Henry, Hon. W. P. Mangum, and Major R. W. Millsaps, and I finally said that I knew there was no man standing there who wanted to go to God with the blood of an innocent man on his hands. At times the laughter and hand-clapping were deafening.

"Then at last an aged man with a Confederate button in his coat pushed his way through the crowd and grasped my hand. 'Come on down, boy,' he said, as he pulled me to him and took the rope from around my neck, and then others also reached out and shook hands with me. I could hear some muttering from those on the edge of the crowd who felt that they had been cheated out of their fun, but the majority seemed to be with me. Then some one shouted, 'Let's take up a collection for the Parson;' and several began passing hats. Some actually threw money at me. Some asked, 'When are you going to preach again, Parson? We want to be there.' The collection finally amounted to fifty dollars. Then one man let me have the use of his horse, he took another, and together we rode back to the church.

"As we drew near the church it seemed deserted, but as we approached the door we could hear a mellow voice in prayer. We learned that in their fright the people had scattered to their homes, all save half a dozen of the older men, who had been down on their knees all the time I had been gone asking God to perform a miracle as he did with Daniel in the lions' den and with the three Hebrew children in the fiery furnace. But although they had been praying for my return they could hardly believe it, and as they looked at me were frightened enough to run. Then my companion said, 'This ain't no ghost; it's the same preacher we took away. It's all a mistake and he's all right; I mean to come out and hear him myself. He's done us more good to-day than he's done you-all ever since he's been here. Next time you have a meeting I'll be out and tell you about it.'"

Is any editorial moral needed to adorn such a tale? We do not think so. But we should add, perhaps, that the man who lived through this experience follows the description of this event with these words: "We have more friends among the Southern white people than we dreamed of, and the number is growing rapidly. And that is why we are willing to stay here in spite of everything." The thought is one of which Booker Washington might have been proud.

[1] "Piney Woods" and Its Story. By Laurence C. Jones. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. $1.50.

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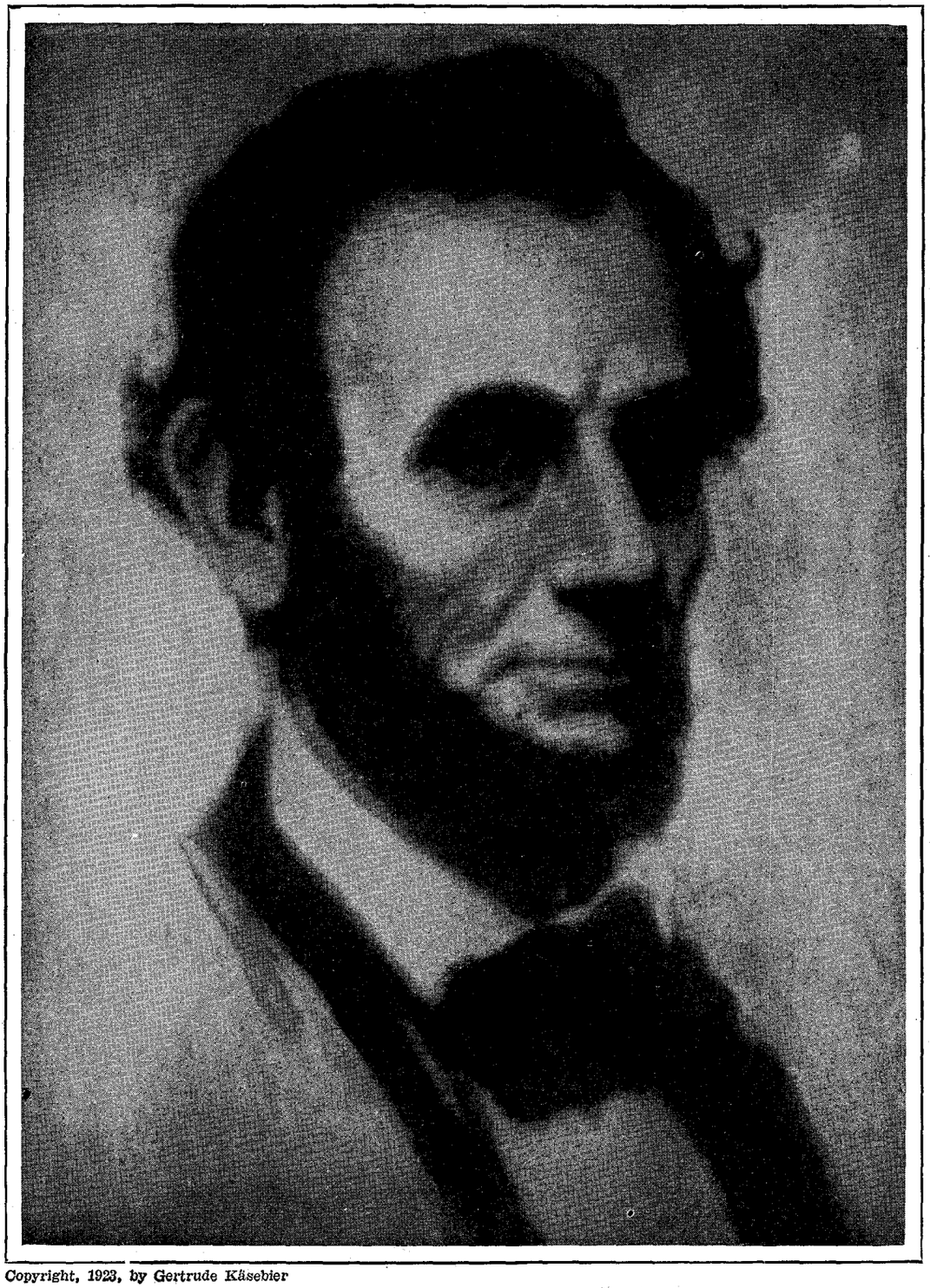

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ABRAHAM LINCOLN

See page 249 for editorial comment on this picture.

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LINCOLN SAVED THIS MAN'S LIFE

"Duff" Armstrong, the man in the center of the above picture (reproduced from an old, undated photograph), figured in a celebrated case in which Abraham Lincoln acted as his counsel, while Lincoln was practicing law in Illinois. Mr. Henry C. Taylor, of Lombard, Illinois, who sends us the picture and the accompanying description, says:

"'Duff' Armstrong was a man who objected to being photographed, and I know of but one other picture of him, and that was owned by his brother, whose picture appears at the right of that of 'Duff.' I append herewith the story as told me by 'Duff' Armstrong's brother at Oakford, Illinois, several years ago. A book has been published entitled 'The Graysons' in which this incident figures. This particular picture was taken at the race-track at Petersburg, Illinois, which is located within two or three miles of the site of Old Salem, where Lincoln kept store. The story as told me by the brother is as follows:

"'Duff' Armstrong was one of the wild, reckless fellows of whom there were a good many in that part of Illinois at that time. A camp-meeting was being held at the grove a few miles east of Oakford, between Oakford and Mason City, and a number of these young fellows were hanging around the outskirts of the camp-meeting, as was so often done in those days. At some time during the evening they got into an altercation, and one of the men in the party was struck with a neck-yoke. It did not kill him immediately, but he got on his horse, rode home, and two or three days later, died. As 'Duff' Armstrong had had a fight with him in a saloon at Mason City that morning, suspicion pointed to him and he was accused of having struck the man and was arrested for the murder.

"Mrs. Armstrong, 'Duff's' mother, had befriended Lincoln many times, and in her distress she went to Springfield and asked him to do something for 'Duff.' At first he refused, saying that he knew nothing about the case; but finally, because of her pleading, he went to Beardstown, Illinois, where 'Duff' was in jail.

"The chief witness claimed that he saw Armstrong strike the blow. Lincoln questioned him as to how far they were from the camp, what lights there were, etc., and the witness stated that it was moonlight and it was by the light of the moon that he saw the blow struck. Lincoln by repeated questioning from different angles obtained several positive statements that it was by the moonlight, and moonlight only, that he saw the blow struck; after the witness had committed himself in this way Lincoln produced an almanac which showed that at the time mentioned the moon did not rise until after the time the witness declared the blow had been struck. This of course cleared 'Duff' Armstrong of the charge."

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GERMANY'S PLIGHT AND THE RIGHTS OF FRANCE[1]

I—"DER TAG" IN GERMANY

BY IDA DONGES STAUDT

YEARS ago there appeared an article in The Outlook on "Paternalism in Government." This Father-Government which the writer described was Germany. But the author not only described but questioned the results. Does such solicitous care really mature a people? In the days of storm can such a pampered folk stand? Does a paternalistic government make for character? To-day these questions are answered. When that article was written, paternalism in Germany was in full swing. The cost of living was low, the *wants*, not the needs, of the people were supplied, workmen were well housed, pensions were provided for old age, farmers were assisted by long-term loans—in short, the German Government in a fatherly way was lovingly (?) caring for the people, and the people had no need to take thought for the future; they could happily and peacefully live for the day alone. The German Government (was it purposely?) had provided a little paradise here on earth for its children, and, having dosed them well with this soothing-syrup of physical content, the *Regierung* proceeded to prepare for war. The German people, luxuriating in plenty, were blissfully uninterested, and therefore innocently uninformed of plots and world plans, and when the German papers announced the ultimatum of August, 1914, these same beguiled and blinded and uninformed people rubbed their eyes and said, "It cannot mean war," and when war actually was declared they lived as in an evil dream. During the night, while people slept, troops were noiselessly moved, horses in some magic way were spirited out of the towns, the people knew not how or when, the trains moved with speed and unerring order that caused bewilderment to these German folks. It seemed impossible to them that this uncanny upturning of life could have reality to it; it must be an ugly dream.

The war is over, the paternal Government has disappeared, and these children of the Government are thrown, not only helplessly upon themselves, but against a world filled with hostile faces. There is not a friend on this globe for this people led, I am absolutely convinced, unwittingly into the net which the Kaiser and the military party spun. There is in this day of storm not one friendly hand held out to help, and God pity the world when these people, with their almost barbarian *Kraft* and energy and large reproductiveness, have been ruined, not only economically, but morally and spiritually, and turn again upon their enemies. The German without religion can be a revolting barbarian, as the war revealed. Let a people become bitter and hard, as the Germans are becoming, starve and freeze them, as is being done this winter, let them feel that the whole world is against them, and what can you expect? What can you expect of a people who needed to think little for themselves in the past, whose character has not been made firm by testing and struggle, and who can turn to-day nowhere for aid?

America fought against Germany and, we believe, rightfully, if a war can ever be called right. America made possible German defeat, and, we believe, rightfully. But did America fight against Germany and Austria to ruin these nations? Was that our purpose? Whether it was our purpose or not, this is what our aloofness is helping to do. Germany and Austria are being ruined, as every living being who has been in these lands for other purposes than to profit by their plight will testify.

The pastors in Germany during the war, we said, did not think straight and we condemned them; but one thing is sure—they see now. Every Sunday, leaning over the pulpit, the ministers are pleading that Germany do not lose its soul, that the Germans keep love in their hearts. Strange that the soul life should be so closely linked to the body life, but so it is. In Austria the kronen, in Germany the mark—in both countries money absorbs the whole life. The value of the mark as it fluctuates each day frightens, paralyzes, or rouses; it always does something, and does it with a vengeance, especially in Germany. Those who possess some marks grow selfish, callous, heartless; they say, Let us eat, drink, and be merry to-day with our marks, for to-morrow they are valueless. Buy to-day, spend to-day, spend all; for if you save, the Reparation Commission will take the money from you in the form of taxes, or if you wait until to-morrow the dollar has *steigt* and prices have soared and your money is cut. This is the effect upon the earning class. One wonders when first you enter Austria or Germany why all coffee-houses are full, restaurants, theaters, operas, all places of amusement. This is why: they are spending *to-day*. German thriftiness is going.

The poorer class is now the Communistic class. When a man of this poorer class is cold and coal is quite beyond his ability to buy, clothing not even within considering reach, when he is hungry and food is about beyond his ability to purchase, then this man becomes dehumanized. He breaks bakers' windows, he throws acid on the finely dressed, he lays bombs. In Düsseldorf and Dresden the Communistic mob has already worked havoc.

To quite understand conditions you must be a buyer in Germany, and you must stand back in the little shops and look and listen. Sugar, black bread, and coal are being sold by card, as in war time.

Sugar by card costs 98 marks per pound; without card, 180 marks.

Black bread by card costs 75 marks per pound (it jumped on the day I am writing from 29 marks to 75 marks); without card, 190 marks.

Coal by card, undelivered, is 1,350 marks per *zentner*, and a *zentner* contains 100 pounds (German); without card, 1,800 marks.[2]

We are in a tea and coffee store where sugar is being sold by card. An old man, thinly clad, hears the price, and gives a little groan; he counts his dirty marks; he has ones and twos and tens; he hands them out reluctantly. The busy dapper young clerk says, mercilessly, "Ten lacking;" again the old man groans, fumbles through his worn purse, and hands over another ten; there are not many more marks left.

Now we are in a *Bäckerei*. There are the weary, old, and the lusty young waiting their turn. An old man, neatly but shabbily dressed, asks the price of white bread, a very small loaf. The answer is, "One hundred and twenty marks." He hesitates. "My wife," he says, distressingly, "cannot stand the black bread." "Yes," the clerk answers, sympathetically, "it is heavy;" and it is. The lusty raise their voices in protest. "How much for this bun?" some one asks. "Twenty-five marks," is the answer. "*Schrecklich!*" comes back the rebound from the powerfully built German *Frau;* the others look at one another and say, "*Es ist furchtbar!*"

In the bakeries there is a little restraint, for the food for sale and saleslady are carefully protected by glass windows and food is handed out through an opening into the small corridor where the buyers assemble. But in the grocery stores movements are unconfined, and tongues seem to be thereby loosened, and between groceryman and customer there are often bitter words as well as often spirited jokes. The groceryman says that he does not make the prices, but the invisible maker cannot be reached and feelings must have some outlet.

But the coal-dealer's life is one hard tragedy. Between the police and the people who want more than their apportioned amount, which is 45 *zentners* a year for a family, and the people who want to pay less than the regulated price, the walking of the path of rectitude for the coal man is next to impossible. The very poor have sold their

[1] See editorial on another page.—The Editors.

[2] All these prices are as of last December.—The Editors.

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coal cards long ago and they must freeze, and even the well-to-do cannot buy great quantities at the present price; therefore home life in Germany is going, as well as thriftiness, for it is cheaper to sit in a coffee-house, where it is warm, than heat your own home.

It is a rainy, dreary Monday, and it rains most of the time in Leipsic. A Sister of one of the churches is going her daily rounds of ministration to the sick, and I am accompanying her. It has been my wish to visit only the worthy poor. The Sister says that these are of two kinds: those upon whom a stranger dare not intrude, for, having known better days, they prefer death to alms; and those who have always been poor, but are now poorer, and who do not object to a stranger's visit. On that brief round I saw little children running about on bare floors without shoes and stockings and very little other clothes; I saw tiny things broken out with sores caused by too early feeding of heavier food, since milk is very scarce and very high in price; I saw others, flabby-boned, suffering with rickets; I saw families who before the war had a small business upon which they lived comfortably, but who have lost all and cannot get a start and now live in abject poverty in wretched apartments overlooking courts called *Hofs*. And I saw only a few of the thousands and thousands in similar conditions all over Germany and Austria.

To help individual cases is better than doing nothing at all, but something bigger must be done, and that soon, if it is not already too late. There is only one nation under the sun that can help. That nation helped to defeat the vain plottings of kings; will it not be a big brother to a people who will lose soon, under this terrible strain, everything fine that it ever possessed? One listens to German music and feels that it is inspired. Under heaven no people can produce music like the Germans. There must be something *spirituelle* in them to so soar. In all our travels we have never met such raw rudeness as in Germany. The Gewandhaus of Leipsic, with its world-famous orchestral music, represents one side of German character, and the Communist of the street the other.

It is in America's hands to decide which shall triumph, the artistic or the brutal. France will do nothing, England is tied. There is a Beatitude that says, "Blessed are the merciful."

Leipsic, Saxony.

II—MY REPLY TO CRITICISM FROM GERMANY

BY BARON D'ESTOURNELLES DE CONSTANT

A Senator of France, the author of this article has won wide renown by his championship of the cause of international peace.—The Editors.

IT is proper to say that in one day, yes, in one hour of war, the German armies did a thousand times more wrong than have the French armies during the three years since the Treaty of Versailles in their occupation of German territory. It is a kind of revolting hypocrisy to forget the crimes of German militarism and to seek only to make the world pity the sufferings of Germany. After all, Germany has come out of the war intact; one cannot think of her as a victim of ravaged and ruined France.

The truth is that the war, no matter what the complexity of its origin, was declared, let loose, and pursued scientifically and with barbarous ferocity by the German Government. And the truth is that France to-day, in the interest of re-establishing general peace, just as in her own interest, is condemned to claim and to obtain:

(1) The reparations which are due her (just as they are also due to that other victim, Belgium). If France does not obtain reparations, the Germans will triumph in having been aggressors; they will profit by their violation of international law; and their profit will be an encouragement to militarism.

(2) The indemnities due to France.

(3) The guaranties indispensable to the security of France, and so to the security of the world in the future.

(4) The judgment of guilty persons.

To abandon these four sanctions of German defeat under pretext that the application of these sanctions would arouse complaints, even justified, would be to declare that France and the Allies were wrong in not yielding at once to the violence of Prussian militarism; when, on the other hand, their duty was to sacrifice themselves to deliver civilization from this unworthy menace.

The justified complaints, however, should be taken into consideration. First as to the black troops, so called. It is not true that they are systematically guilty of the crimes which are attributed to them. The troops are, on the contrary, generally docile and disciplined. Your admirable General Allen has shown that irrefutably for any honest-minded critic.

But we would have done better not to have sent those troops to Germany, because they have furnished a pretext for so many calumnies and have aroused prejudices to which opinion is very sensitive. In my opinion, it would have been wise to have recalled our colored troops, and thereby to have halved our army of occupation. It would have even been advantageous, for our army of occupation is twice as large as it need be, and this is the opinion of some of the highest military authorities. Its expenses absorb nearly all the indemnities which Germany should devote to repairing our ruins. This is a waste of money, of labor, and of intelligence which cannot endure indefinitely.

It is also a source of abuses and of conflicts. Some of these abuses are detestable, I agree, and I was the first to denounce them; individual nastiness, the demands of certain officers and functionaries—these must be punished.

We are also reproached with the establishment in our garrisons in Germany of the brothels which exist in France near the barracks along with saloons and other doubtful resorts. This is infinitely sad. I do not discuss this question, insolvable in France, and consequently outside of France, for our troops; it belongs to our archaic conception of hygiene. The Italians have solved the problem with much more rigor and, in my opinion, much less poorly than is the case in France, and much better, in any case, than in England, where, no precaution being taken, people are being contaminated without regard to consequences. Any one who thinks only five minutes about this matter will understand what malevolence may bring up against France because of our system of protection, but also what may be blamed upon England for her system of abandonment.

I do not know any people who know how to unite efficient precaution with the duties and limits of liberty better than the Americans do—and this is even more true in the American Navy than in the Army.

The question of reparations seems also insolvable. Are the reparations and the indemnities due us being claimed with exaggeration? That is probably true. I know that some claims, made just after the war, were unscrupulously increased. That kind of thing is more or less inevitable—odious traditions of victory; we know what they have been in the past in other countries. Now the duty and the interest of France are not to encourage abuse. Reparations are due us, just reparations, and *not unjust reparations*. Everything is in that phrase. But what war has not had unjust consequences? And that is why I have always maintained that no people, neither conquerors nor conquered, have a real interest in declaring war. France has been condemned to submit to it, and, whatever have been her faults in the past, she is the victim. These were secondary faults relative to the overwhelming responsibility of Germany. It was Germany who declared and let loose the war. She it was who prepared it as a *preventive* when we, the French, were not prepared, and the English and the Americans still less.

As to the judgment of the guilty, it

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should have been one of the just consequences of the war. It is scandalous to see Emperor William II, who declared the war, living tranquilly in Holland, assured of impunity, remarrying, publishing his Memoirs, organizing his propaganda, his justification, presenting himself as an innocent person, yet without producing a single confirmatory fact, not one even interesting, in support of his insane pretensions.

The security of the world ought to be the care of all the governments. It does not seem to be. And the war will not be slow in beginning again if public opinion becomes more sensitive to the complaints of Germany than it is to the great duty of putting an end to the outbiddings of armament preparation and to the militarism which have been the principal causes of so much misery.

To sum up, France and the Allies have had their faults, and still have, since the end of the war—there is no doubt about that; unhappily, the thing is too natural. Our duty is to point out these faults, to round them up or to lessen them, in the interest of necessary union among the conquerors. But these faults are insignificant compared with the crimes of German militarism—crimes which must be atoned for, which must be punished in the persons of the chief malefactors, and in such a way that the war can never again be begun.

Paris, France.

AN INTERVIEW WITH ELEUTHERIOS VENISELOS

BY ELBERT FRANCIS BALDWIN

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE OUTLOOK AT LAUSANNE

TO-DAY I had half an hour with Eleutherios Veniselos—the "s" is used instead of "z" in his correspondence, thus "Veniselos" instead of "Venizelos."

I did not have to speak with him about America. He had just been there, had liked it and us, and wanted to return.

Nor did I have to say anything about The Outlook (for he knew it well), save to mention the interest and sympathy shown by our constituency with Greece and the Near East.

Of course I did not try to bring up questions now before the Lausanne Conference, especially that of the minority populations. But M. Veniselos himself pointed out that he had in the Balkan Treaty, concluded just before the World War, shown himself far more liberal with the Moslem minorities in Macedonia than are the Turkish delegates at Lausanne now showing themselves towards the Christian minorities in Asia Minor and Thrace. Think of it, Thrace again Turkish!

Nor did I mention the recent dreadful executions at Athens, save, in a general way, to speak of "recent events," at which his Excellency looked very grave and nodded his head understandingly. Those events have weakened the moral position of the Greek delegation here, of which M. Veniselos is the head. No one believes that they took place with his approval, I am sure.

"Long since, the Turks," he informed me, "resolved upon a drastic policy. My knowledge of it formed the background of my course after the World War." He was thinking, I know, because he confirmed it, of his success at the Spa Conference, just after the close of the war, when, to safeguard the two million Greeks in Asia Minor, England, France, and Italy authorized Greece to occupy the territory from Smyrna to the Sea of Marmora. The later, personally self-asserting aggressions towards Angora (that understimated the Turks' guerrilla warfare abilities and staying qualities) were King Constantine's work, affirmed M. Veniselos. "I was then in exile."

As the Greek ex-Prime Minister uttered the King's name I detected no note of bitterness, whatever the conviction must have been.

The result of Constantine's war was that the Turks swept the Greeks into the sea. "A million Greek refugees from Asia Minor and Thrace have already arrived in Greece," his Excellency reported. "In all history there has never been such an exodus. Some six hundred thousand more may arrive. All these refugees are ragged, some almost naked, and able to save only what they can carry. They are cold, hungry, ill. Are they all to be the wards of a poor nation whose population is suddenly swollen by more than a quarter? How would you in America feel if you were to have a like proportion thrust upon you—a wave of, say, thirty million immigrants?"

Certainly, we have too many Greco-American citizens, we have too great an interest in the Greece of history from Pericles to Veniselos, above all, we have too real a comprehension of the call of humanity, not to hear and heed. Hence we are powerfully sustaining the Near East Relief in its unparalleled work at Athens and Constantinople and in Armenia.

There has been such necessity for the Greek ex-Premier, and for others here, to be austere—as well as reasonable—with the Turkish delegates that I was hardly prepared for his very cordial manner. Yet it was tempered by a dignity that seemed now diplomatic, now well-nigh academic, now quickly practical, but always judicial, bespeaking the ripeness of experience.

Think of a Cretan, born under the Turk's bondage, yet finally redeeming his island. Think of him framing a Constitution for Greece and ruling as Prime Minister under it. Think of him, not only succeeding at last in forming that longed-for and hitherto vainly attempted Balkan Federation, but, with it, winning a war—two wars, indeed—and incidentally depriving the Turks of nineteen-twentieths of their European possessions. Think of him for years resisting a recreant King, and finally compelling, not only that monarch's abdication, but also the entrance of the Greeks into the World War on the right side. Think of him having immensely added to his country's territory, population, and prestige. In history his name and fame are sure.

As I sat in his parlor I could not help remembering these labors of Hercules. And I could not help feeling a great sympathy, as well as admiration, for one who had accomplished them, only then to be unfairly treated by unstable beneficiaries. We have long-ago testimony to the effect that the Greeks are all things to all men. But that does not apply to the most eminent among them.

Even the Powers have not been too fair to the Greece of Veniselos. He told me of the limitations they put upon the right of search of Turkish vessels in time of war, a right possessed by every belligerent nation at such a time.

Veniselos is the greatest Greek statesman since Pericles. And here at Lausanne, though the Marquises Curzon and Garroni, together with MM. Barrère and Bompard, have greater direct influence on the International Conference, he is the one beyond all others, with not only the proudest past, but also the most enlightened present, by reason of many-sided experience.

Perhaps I might add, "the most potential." I say "potential" because I cannot believe that such a career is ended.

The Armenians have a proverb, "What matters it if the world be wide, yet one's shoe pinches?" Certainly the shoe pinches which Veniselos is forced to wear. The recent position of Greece has surely been a "tight fit" for one of his principles and vision.

But the world continues to be wide. Will he ever again have a full, unpinched chance? I hope so. I trust so.

For the present, however, his position is this, he says: "In external politics I am glad to do anything possible abroad—as here at Lausanne—for Greece, and especially at this critical and tragical time for her. But as to internal politics, my work is done."

Lausanne, January 7, 1923.

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ROBERT YOUNG: A TRIBUTE

BY SYDNEY GREENBIE

A FEW months before the Washington Conference was called there passed through America from England to Japan a great Briton. Short of stature and slender, with a gray clipped beard which he had worn from his youth, he was not an astounding figure. Reserved and soft-spoken, he seemed almost shy, and the naïve way in which he interested himself in the sights and the splendors of New York made him a stimulating guest. America was a curiosity to him, and he enjoyed it with childlike amazement. He went to Washington. It struck him as the most beautiful city in America. But, being without a publicity agent, he came, he saw, and he departed, and Washington was none the wiser for his presence. Yet during his stay in London he was in constant touch with the Foreign Office, which utilized him to the full, most likely in preparation for the events of which Washington seems at that time to have been innocent. Six months after the departure of Robert Young, editor of the "Japan Chronicle," for Japan, America was scurrying about for information about the Pacific. In Robert Young official America had permitted one of the best-informed men in the world on the subject of Japan and China to slip out untapped. To-day his ashes rest in an urn in Japan—the ashes of one who gave thirty-five years of his life to the study and development of the Island Empire; and a monument has been proposed for him at Kobe, Japan, to perpetuate his memory.

Mr. Young was one of the last of the group of prominent Europeans in modern Japan. Japan took in these instructors as a chicken takes in pebbles—to aid her digestion. In the process they sharpened their wits against each other, and none could whet men's wits more than Robert Young. Captain Brinkley, the historian, found it so. Lafcadio Hearn spent his first days in the office and under the guidance of Robert Young. Hardly a book has been written on the Far East in twenty years that has not been directly indebted to Young and the "Japan Chronicle" for its most accurate information. Yet (or perhaps, quite naturally) none of all these writers has been more annoying to Japan in his truth-telling than he. It is easy to make one's self unpopular in this world, but after a quarter century of unpopularity to make the tongues of detractors turn into tongues of praise—that is a greater success. And that is the case with Robert Young. Since his death last November 7 the press of Japan, China, England, is replete with pæans of praise for this stanch and fearless figure. Let us therefore use the remaining space in getting a glimpse of him in the life, so that we may understand why.

During my two and a half years in Japan I was intimately associated with Mr. Young. People charged him with being unsocial, unfriendly, because he was said to be inaccessible. Yet no traveler earnestly scanning Japan failed to search him out, and to none did he ever deny himself. When I met him in the first days of my residence, I was entirely unknown, a detached globe-trotter with no credentials. I happened to have met his little girl of fourteen at one of the Kobe family hotels, and shortly after I was asked to his home. In twelve hours we were friends. I never felt any restraint in the presence of this most prominent and most formidable critic of Far Eastern affairs.

Though his views have been subject to controversy, his personality is universally praised. Yet he was of a retiring disposition. To all appearances, he never entered into the life of his adopted land. He shunned the great banquets given to prominent foreign visitors. But no man was more interested in the life of the people, though he never took the trouble to learn their language. When we took his favorite jaunt over the hills back of his fine new home that stood looking out across the Inland Sea, we discussed every possible subject. He was interested in everything. We used to pass through a small *eta* (outcast) village, and his concern for the well-being of these people was sincere. Nothing pleased him more than to find that my interest in social conditions led me to investigate these outcasts and the slums. When I unearthed a very foul bit of slum in Kobe, he gladly published my account; not because he had any desire to expose Japan to the world, but because he felt that his powerful journal would force the officials to do something toward bettering the conditions of these helpless poor. Japanese are inured to poverty. They needed a man to awaken their social conscience, just as they needed our own Fenollosa to arouse them to an appreciation of their own art. Only the task Young set himself was harder, for it is always easier (and perhaps better pedagogy) to praise than to correct.

Withal, Robert Young was an alien in Japan. He never could become a Japanese. Alone among his contemporaries, he maintained his perspective throughout. Hearn, Murdoch, de Becker, Brinkley—those most prominent for their work in Japan—fell head over heels in love with it, and the first three married Japanese women. To all intents and purposes, they lost most of their usefulness as helpers because of their connections and family interests. But Robert Young married an American girl, born in Japan, who spoke the language fluently and understood the Japanese point of view, and yet was able at all times to detach herself. In consequence, Robert Young maintained a European outlook on the country—which, in the last analysis, is the best for all concerned. He never earned any salary from the Japanese Government, as most of us have done. He went out to Japan on a contract with a British journal, and soon took the paper over, developing it into a substantial piece of property. It was supported by European and by Japanese advertisers, many of the most important Japanese "trusts" being among his constant patrons. Yet his criticisms of both British and Japanese imperialists were scathing and unflinching, while he was one of the most bitter enemies of the subsidized press. Young was a liberal of liberals—much more than a British democrat.

In his personal relations with people he was kindly—until deceived. I remember, upon assuming some duties in the office, that, being inexperienced in the handling of Japanese, I was too drastic in my manner to an employee. Mr. Young called me aside and spoke to me of this. His manner was almost timid, as though afraid to hurt my feelings. But he secured just treatment for his employee. Though he personally supervised everything that went into the "Chronicle," and no error, however slight, ever escaped him, he was always gentle and considerate.

Though a freethinker in his religious views, he fought without possible hope of reward for the freedom of some hundred Korean Christians unjustly imprisoned by the Japanese. Though hailed as anti-Japanese, he took up the cause of Eurasian children as against British prejudice, which sought to exclude the sons and daughters of British fathers and Japanese mothers from proposed British schools in Japan. When all Britain reviled America for her neutrality, the "Japan Chronicle" was neutral and just. To the average man, with his passionate partisanships, this seems like criminal coldness, but to me, who knew Robert Young intimately and who saw his unspoken suffering at the loss of his eldest boy in the war, there never was a more soft-hearted man in being. His years of endeavor on behalf of the animals imprisoned in Japanese zoos under painful conditions may be cited as one of many acts of kindliness on the part of the best-hated man in the Japanese Empire. And the universal praise he has since his death received from friend and foe alike is proof of the innate fineness of this modest, retiring Scotsman of Japan.

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TYPES OBSERVED ON A THROUGH T
NEWSPAPER OCCASIONALLY BE

This profile could have belonged only to a Yankee of the State of Connecticut. Possibly he is a veteran newsboy with a side-line of "extry sour lemon drops and car-mels." Doubtless he pushes The Cosmopolitan harder than The Outlook

The type of the editorial page the blur of smoke in which the look like a genial pair, and the

A penciled reverie on one of the metropolitan sporting pages. Doubtless the train was nearing New Haven, and perhaps the subject of the sketch was dreaming of his undergraduate days at Yale a generation or two ago

Going back to her native hills after trip to town, and glad to get back Main Street and to the familiar circ of the Ladies' Aid

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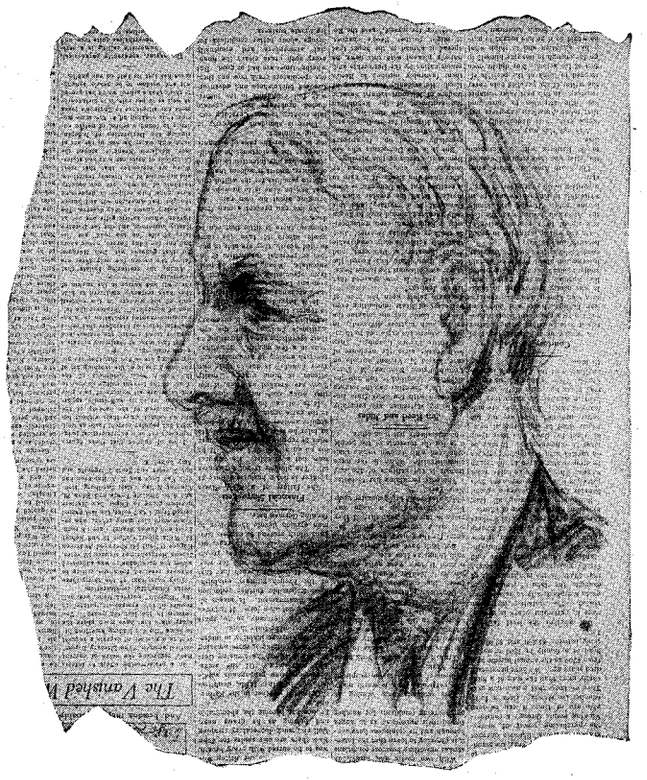
AIN BY AN AMATEUR ARTIST WHOSE OMES AN UNSEEN SKETCH-BOOK

this was drawn appropriately suggests alkative travelers were sketched. They al talk of the smoking-room is obviously them

A traveling salesman taking a swing over his territory. He has discovered that the New England trade isn't the easiest in the world to "sell"

He has been shrewdly studying the pageant of human nature for a good many years, and smoke and cinders are perfume to his Celtic nostrils.



Either a county judge or a respected village squire. Perhaps he has represented his district in Congress. When he makes a speech, he talks with homely but persuasive eloquence

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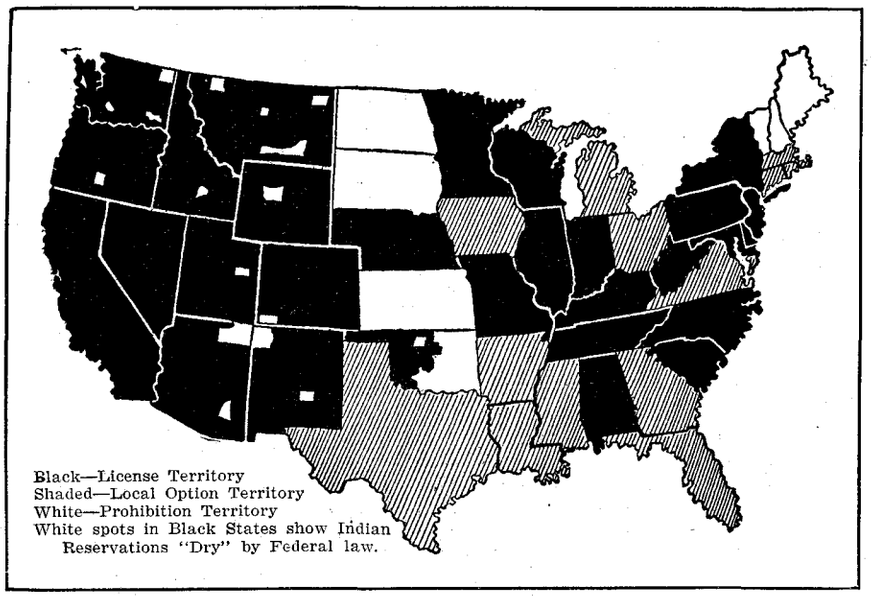
PROHIBITION

BY WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN


Black—License Territory
Shaded—Local Option Territory
White—Prohibition Territory
White spots in Black States show Indian Reservations "Dry" by Federal law.

WET AND DRY MAP OF THE UNITED STATES BY STATES, JANUARY 1, 1893

RESPONDING to The Outlook's invitation, I beg to submit a few observations in regard to enforcement of the Prohibition Law. For the purposes of this article I shall divide the subject into two parts: First, Is prohibition a fad, suddenly sprung upon the Nation and adopted without due consideration, or can it be regarded as a permanent policy, deliberately established and here to stay? Second, What weight should be given to the protests of an opposing minority in this country and ho hostile criticism from abroad?

As to the manner of securing prohibition and the methods employed, it would be unnecessary to refer to the time required and the methods employed to secure prohibition but for the constant and willful misrepresentation of the facts. If a foreigner, coming into this country, should chance to read the editorials in wet newspapers, he would be led to the conclusion that prohibition was suddenly sprung upon the country by a few fanatics and adopted without discussion. Why this attempt to falsify history? What reform has ever had a longer and harder fight or ever won a more conclusive victory? It is now nearly fifty years since the Woman's Christian Temperance Union was organized. Prohibition of the liquor traffic was one of its cardinal principles and for more than a quarter of a century the only subject to which it gave any considerable amount of attention. It was also advocating woman suffrage, but that reform did not occupy a large place in its programme until within the last decade. Suffrage has no place in the name of the organization, while temperance has. During the almost half-century of its existence it has grown and spread until now it is an active organization in all the States. It never lowered its flag; it never suggested compromise; it has always been the foe of the saloon; and it deserves a large part of the credit for the Eighteenth Amendment.

The Anti-Saloon League is nearly thirty years old. Its very name indicates its opposition to the liquor traffic. It began with a few men who, in prayer, consecrated themselves to the work. It also grew and spread until it has superintendents in every State and assistant superintendents in the larger States. As the long-drawn-out fight drew to a close, as much as two million dollars a year were intrusted to this organization for the carrying on of its part of the propaganda.

One after another of the churches entered the fight, some of them more than a quarter of a century ago. These church boards have taken an active part and exerted an increasing influence. So, too, with the National Prohibition party and with other organizations; some singly and some, like the National Dry Federation, a collection of organizations, have espoused the cause of prohibition. The work was not done in a corner. The methods employed have been open and aboveboard. Platforms have boldly assailed the liquor traffic and called for its extermination. Literature has been circulated, meetings have been held, and instruction as to the effect of alcohol on the system was finally introduced into the schools.

State after State went dry by separate act and independently of its sister States until thirty-three States—more than two-thirds of the forty-eight—banished the saloon. Then came the demand for National prohibition, intensified by the fact that those engaged in the liquor traffic combined against the enforcement of State laws in dry States. They would use as a base of operations the nearest city in a wet State and make law enforcement as difficult as possible, at the same time using the wet newspapers to create the impression that prohibition did not prohibit, in order to keep other States from *adopting* it.

If the wet towns in a State had been content to establish saloons for the supplying of liquor only to those who licensed the saloon, at the same time restraining them from selling in dry territory, prohibition would not have spread so rapidly from town to town. And so, if the liquor interests in the wet States had been content to sell in the wet States, instead of invading the dry States around them, prohibition would not have spread so rapidly from the State to the Nation.

With the enforcement of the Webb-Kenyon Law (vetoed on the ground that it was unconstitutional, and held Constitutional by the Supreme Court) the power of the State over the liquor traffic was greatly increased, and, with this increase of power, prohibition became more effective, and, becoming more effective, proved its value.

Finally, the National Prohibition Amendment was submitted by the necessary two-thirds vote in both houses. This ought to be a sufficient answer to the charge that an active minority forced prohibition upon a passive majority. If the wets could have controlled one more than one-third of either branch of Congress, the submission of the National Amendment could have been prevented. But more than two-thirds of the Senators and more than two-thirds of the members of the House went on record in favor of submission of National prohibition. And this Congress, it must be remembered, was elected in 1916, before our Nation entered the war. As the members of the National House of Representatives represent districts of approximately the same size, the two-thirds vote for submission represented two-thirds of the population.

Then came a more rigid test of the strength of prohibition. It was handicap enough to have to control two-thirds of both houses when the wets would have been successful had they been able to control one more than one-third of one house; but *ratification required three-fourths of the States.* The wets had even a greater advantage. They needed only one branch of the Legisla-

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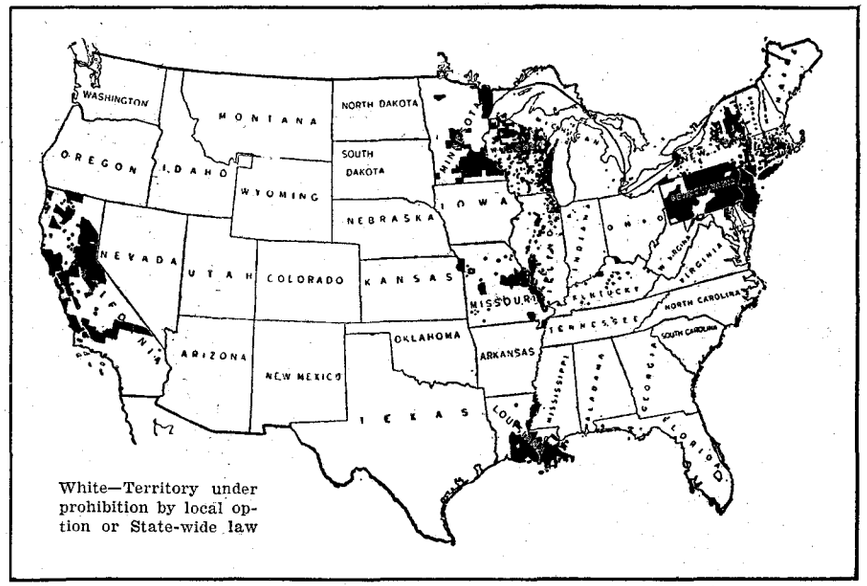
ture in thirteen States, while the drys were compelled to secure both branches of the Legislature in thirty-six States, or seventy-two branches of the Legislatures in thirty-six States as against thirteen branches in thirteen States. And yet, when the fight was over, the drys had secured ninety-three branches of the Legislatures out of ninety-six and the wets were able to hold only three branches of the Legislatures in two States—two in Rhode Island and one in Connecticut. When it is remembered that all of the large States ratified—leaving the two small States, Connecticut and Rhode Island, the only ones that did not ratify—the absurdity of the wet charge that they did not have a fair chance becomes apparent.

Another indictment made against the Amendment was that it was ratified by the States instead of by popular vote. Nineteen amendments have been adopted, and all of them have been ratified by the States instead of by popular vote. Why should the Eighteenth Amendment be the only one the validity of which is questioned on this account? And since when did the wets become so much interested in the popular vote? They have opposed a direct vote on the liquor question wherever the question came up. In the States which they controlled no unit, large or small, was allowed to vote upon the question. It was comparatively recently that the cities of New York and New Jersey secured the right to vote directly upon the licensing of the saloon.

But why distrust the State Legislatures? They are responsible for legislation on all the subjects that affect human welfare. They enact laws for the punishment of criminals, including the death penalty; they pass laws for the acquiring, conveying, and devising of property; they provide for marriage and divorce and for the care of children—are these not important subjects? Why should the saloon only be regarded as too sacred for Legislatures to act upon?

As a matter of fact, the people have voted directly upon the saloon question in nearly all the States that adopted prohibition, and have voted directly for Representatives who voted on the subject. Both Senators and members of Congress are elected by direct vote, and they have often been elected on the prohibition issue. Members of the State Legislatures are elected by direct vote, and they have been elected on the prohibition issue. Prohibition was an issue in both Pennsylvania and New York when Legislatures were elected which acted on prohibition. In both Pennsylvania and New York Governors were elected pledged to the enforcement of prohibition.

Governor Pinchot, of Pennsylvania, elected in 1922, declared strongly for prohibition both in his canvass for nomination and in his campaign after his nomination, and his Democratic opponent was likewise pledged to prohibition. In the State of Ohio the people have voted directly on prohibition seven times, beginning in 1914. In 1914, 1915, and 1917 the wets won by majorities decreasing from 84,000 to 2,000. In 1918, 1919, 1920, and 1922 the drys won by increasing majorities running from 25,000 to nearly 200,000.



WET AND DRY TERRITORIAL MAP OF THE UNITED STATES, DECEMBER 1, 1918

The facts above given leave no doubt as to the length of the controversy, the constancy of the progress, and the conclusiveness of the victory. These facts also prove the permanancy of the triumph. Five dry Congresses have been elected in succession. The first made the District of Columbia dry; the second submitted the Eighteenth Amendment; the third passed the Volstead Law; the fourth passed the Anti-Beer Bill; and a fifth was elected last November. For ten years the drys have controlled both houses of the Federal Government. In three of these Congresses—the second, third, and fourth referred to—the recorded vote for prohibition was more than two to one. No test has been made of the Congress recently elected, but there is no doubt that the drys have gained in the Senate. The vote on the Anti-Beer Bill in the Senate stood 56 for to 22 against. The percentage will be larger when the new Congress convenes.

The House is also overwhelmingly dry, probably by a two-thirds vote. If the wets have made any gain at all, the gain is slight and due, not to an increase in wet sentiment, but to the fact that Democratic gains were uniform throughout the country. The reaction against the Republican party was so great in many districts that the Democratic candidate was elected regardless of his position on the liquor question. No Democratic Congressman who voted for or against prohibition was defeated. There is not the slightest indication that any of the thirty-three dry States will return to the license system. Some of the States that were wet are still wet, but no person who will examine the figures without bias can doubt the permanency of the prohibition victory.

When the liquor forces found that the existence of the saloon was threatened, they tried to save the business by separating wine and beer from whisky, but the votes do not indicate that a wine and beer saloon is any more popular than the old-fashioned saloon which sold all kinds of liquor. Beer was defeated in Colorado after the State went dry. Wine and beer were defeated in Michigan by over two hundred thousand two years after the State went dry. Wine and beer were defeated in Ohio this year by nearly two hundred thousand, and law enforcement won out in California—a wine State—this year by a referendum vote, after being defeated two years ago.

Now for the second question: What weight should be given to the protests of an opposing minority in this country and to hostile criticisms from abroad? No concession can be made to the minority in this country without a surrender of the fundamental principle of popular government. The people have a right to have what they want, and they want prohibition. They adopted prohibition before woman suffrage became a National policy. Only a few of the States went dry with the aid of the women's vote. A majority of the men favor prohibition, and a still larger majority of women favor it. How can a backward step be asked or expected? The Amendment is in the Constitution, and the wets are powerless to repeal it—shall the drys repeal it for them? The wets are powerless to prevent law enforcement—shall the drys consent to lawlessness just to please a rebellious minority?

In the enforcement of the law we have two classes to deal with, viz., those who deliberately violate the law for the money that they make out of it and those who patronize the bootlegger. Why should any more consideration be

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shown to men who try to make money by violating the Prohibition Law than to men who try to make money by larceny or burglary? And what consideration should be shown to those who patronize the bootlegger? By what logic can they claim to be superior to those who knowingly purchase stolen goods? Does appetite furnish a more legitimate excuse than love of money?

We have a few officers who refuse to enforce the law; do they commend themselves to right-thinking people by their willingness to violate their oath of office? The thing most needed now is a resumption of the educational work which created the prohibition sentiment, but which has to some extent been suspended because attention has been directed to legislative prohibition rather than to the moral suasion that preceded prohibition. While the prohibition sentiment is sufficiently strong to make sure of no return to the saloon at present, it is necessary to instruct each new generation in the effect of alcohol. In other words, the only way to make prohibition secure is to keep the temperance sentiment at full tide. Now that prohibition has the law upon its side and can insist that all law-abiding citizens shall respect the law and help enforce it, the enemies of the drink habit should enroll all of the opponents of the saloon on the side of total abstinence. The bootlegger will cease to trouble us when people cease to patronize him; the total abstainer is therefore the best guaranty of prohibition. Every church should be a rallying point for total abstinence and every pastor should lead in the effort to build up a total abstinence sentiment back of prohibition.

And why should not our schools, colleges, and universities be brought up to the support of the Eighteenth Amendment? What would be more effective in the creation of public opinion and the crystallization of sentiment in favor of the enforcement of the law than a total abstinence pledge signed by the teachers in our universities, from the president down, and then by the students? So far as America is concerned there is no doubt as to the obligation resting upon all friends of law and order to support the Prohibition Law the same as every other law.

Enforcement has its problems, but they can and will be solved. When the Volstead Law went into effect, whisky was stored in more than three hundred places scattered through the United States. These have been consolidated into something like one-tenth of that number. This is a step in the right direction, but a better remedy would be for the Government to take over all liquor on hand and distribute it to those who can lawfully use it. After that, all distilling should be done by the Government. Private interest must be eliminated if the law is to be made effective.

One defect in enforcement has been the appointment of wet officials to enforce dry laws. Of course fidelity could not be expected in such cases, and was not expected by the influences that secured the appointments. The officials intrusted to the enforcement of the law should be selected because of their special fitness, and one necessary quality in an enforcement officer is total abstinence. How can a wet official be trusted to enforce a dry law when by doing so he cuts off his own supply?

We have also to consider foreign opposition, which may be divided into two classes. First, we have the influence exerted by people interested in the liquor traffic, who, for pecuniary reasons, want to destroy prohibition and who are using the same methods employed by the liquor interests in this country when they misrepresented prohibition in the dry States. All sorts of false reports are being circulated. These deliberate and widespread misrepresentations contributed to the success of the wets in Sweden, where recently prohibition was, through the vote of the cities, defeated by a small majority.

The opposition organized in Europe to overthrow prohibition in the United States is strong enough to exert an influence on the policy of European governments. How else can their protection of bootleggers be explained? There is an international agreement against piracy, and no nation would permit its flag to be used by a pirate craft while preying upon the commerce of another nation. Why should any nation permit the use of its flag by a bootlegging craft engaged in a conspiracy against the laws of a friendly nation? The three-mile limit was not intended for the protection of outlaws and it cannot long be used for that purpose when our Nation takes the matter up in earnest.

I have reserved for the last point reference to the comments made by some of our visitors. Mr. G. K. Chesterton may be taken as a fair sample of the unfairness with which uninformed foreigners regard American prohibition. He wrote a book on what he "saw in America." He tells what "well-to-do Americans" said when they discussed prohibition "over their nuts and wine." He reports those Americans as declaring that prohibition does not exist. He concedes that it may be enforced to "some extent among the poor," but he doubts whether it was ever intended to be enforced among the rich. It takes a very presumptuous visitor to generalize so freely after meeting so few out of the hundreds of thousands of well-to-do people in the United States. We have forty-seven hundred who pay taxes on incomes above $50,000; how many of these homes did he visit?

Mr. Chesterton, instead of putting his opposition to prohibition on personal grounds, which evidently is the real basis of his dislike for it, says that his primary objection is that it puts the workingman under a form of slavery and "enables him to work harder, and therefore the employers get richer." He says: "The real power back of prohibition is simply the plutocratic power of pushing employers who wish to get the last inch of work out of their workmen."

If Mr. Chesterton were not entirely ignorant of the subject, such a statement would subject him to the charge of deliberate falsehood. Of course every American knows that prohibition did not originate with the plutocrats. It not only originated in the agricultural districts, but won its way by the aid of the masses and against the opposition of the very influences wihch Mr. Chesterton credits with supporting it. Our plutocratic influences are in the cities, not in the country, and the cities were not only the last to be captured by prohibition, but *have not yet been captured.* The opposition to prohibition to-day is in the cities, just where these plutocrats exert the largest influence in politics.

But to relieve Mr. Chesterton's fears that the rich will continue to be exempt from the rigors of the law, I venture to suggest to him that the inequality will be remedied by taking the liquor from the rich instead of by restoring it to the poor. The advocates of prohibition have no desire to favor the rich above the poor; as a matter of fact, the law makes no discrimination whatever. The rich were better able to take advantage of the law, but that is not the fault of the friends of prohibition. They went as far as they felt it safe to go at the time. They allowed individuals having liquor on hand, whether they were rich or poor, whether they had much or little, to use it up. The law, while its language bore equally upon all, gave a privilege which was valuable in proportion as individuals could take advantage of it, and the rich took advantage of it to a greater extent than the poor. There is no reason, however, why this law should be allowed to stand, if in practice it has worked injustice, especially if it has given to such visitors as Mr. Chesterton a misconception of the purpose and operation of prohibition.

Why not compel every one who has liquor on hand to file an inventory accessible to the public? If liquor is kept as a *right*, why should the right be exercised *secretly?* And why not a progressive tax on the liquor held for private use? We have a progressive tax on incomes, however honestly acquired. Why should liquor, kept for private consumption, be exempt from the burdens of a progressive tax? The result of a law requiring the filing of an inventory and taxing the quantity on hand would soon dry up the private cellars and save the rich from the aspersions cast upon them by the distinguished visitor whose words have been quoted.

To sum up the subject: After a long-drawn-out contest, prohibition came as the triumph of the conscience of the Nation. The reform progressed slowly but surely, and there is no turning back. It is the greatest moral victory ever won at the polls, and gives to our

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Nation an enviable leadership among the nations. That intoxicating liquor as a beverage is destined to disappear throughout the civilized world is as sure as the rising of the morning sun

Enforcement in this country is the only problem we have to deal with, and it will be dealt with successfully. The pecuniary interest of individuals must be eliminated; trustworthy officers must be employed in enforcement and new remedies must be applied wherever experience discloses a defect that needs attention.

Our Government is in the hands of the people, and the people will use the Government for the protection of their rights and for the advancement of their welfare. Alcohol as a beverage has been indicted as a criminal, brought to the bar of judgment, condemned, and executed. Our Nation will be saloonless for evermore and will lead the world in the great crusade which will drive intoxicating liquor from the globe.

I appreciate the opportunity which The Outlook has given me of presenting so important a subject to its large and intelligent constituency.

Miami, Florida.

BRAIN CONSERVATION

I—WASTED CHILDREN

AN INTERVIEW WITH MRS. JOSEPH EMERSON WORCESTER

BY ANNE E. BANCROFT

CANOVA, the son of a poor peasant family, supplied the home of a Venetian noble with farm products. The boy went to the palace one day with some butter which he had skillfully carved into the shape of a head. The delighted servants showed it to their master and his guests. One of the company gladly charged himself with the education and training of the future sculptor.

"Canova had his chance; and that is all I want for every one—just his chance. It really belongs to him," said Mrs. Worcester, who was formerly a teacher in the schools of Boston and was a pioneer in the movement for continuation schools in this country. She wants for every gifted child the opportunity for education that Canova had. And she has evolved a plan by which she hopes to approximate her ideal.

"I knew one boy," she went on, "a leader in his classes, brilliant and intellectual; his eyes were widely spaced, his face that of a thinker. His parents were poor, and he had to go to work in a factory at three dollars a week. He is still a factory worker; a bent, toil-worn man. I wonder what he could have been if he had had a chance."

Mrs. Worcester combines warm sympathies and a strong personality with an executive, organizing type of mind. As she talks her dark eyes sparkle with humor and her face is weighted with human feeling and conviction.

"There was, for example," continued Mrs. Worcester, "Mary Rand, standing behind a remnant counter in a department store, drooping and apathetic. To wake her up she was sent to the continuation school for a course in salesmanship. One day I asked her to teach the class what she had learned the previous day. I was amazed at her poise, her clear, orderly, and interesting presentation. Here, I thought, is a real teacher wasted in the wrong work.

"Every one who has anything to do with education recognizes the misfits of life and the loss of human power and achievement which civilization can no longer spare, and which only intelligent education can remedy."

Mrs. Worcester pointed out that the congestion in many cities is so great that the school authorities find it a serious problem to furnish adequate accommodations for the tidal wave of children that annually must be enrolled. Teachers often are as helpless to cope with it as Mrs. Partington trying to sweep back the Atlantic with her broom. Later the young people drift away from school, into factories and stores.

"I hope to accomplish a great deal by following the example of the industrial world—that is, first eliminate waste. That," explained Mrs. Worcester, "is where you begin to see the square pegs in the round holes. It is a common conviction that parents are apt to think their own children very gifted; but just as many are unable to discern their own children's special aptitudes. It is special aptitude which points out the life-work. Boys and girls whose gifts are unrecognized, helpless in the grip of circumstance, drift into the nearest job and are engulfed. Unless we can manage to throw them a life-line, their unfitness produces unhappiness and a dumb resentment against fate, which leads naturally to rebellion against organized society."

Mrs. Worcester has thought out all the practical details of her plan, but is wisely allowing it to shape itself as an extension of the present conditions.

Her undertaking has interested, not only men of vision, but also practical men of affairs. One of these has already placed at Mrs. Worcester's disposal opportunities for two boys who may have exceptional aptitude in electrical mechanics to receive special technical training beyond that given in the schools.

II—FINDING AND FOSTERING GIFTED CHILDREN NOW IN THE INDUSTRIES

AN APPEAL TO LEADERS IN EDUCATIONAL, COMMERCIAL, INDUSTRIAL, AND SOCIAL WORK

BY CARL E. SEASHORE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY THE HON. JOHN J. TIGERT, UNITED STATES COMMISSIONER OF EDUCATION, WASHINGTON, D. C.

A few weeks ago Mrs. Joseph Emerson Worcester, who is connected with a continuation school in Boston, Massachusetts, came to my office asking for advice and support of a project for aiding in the education of young children in the industries. The matter was submitted to Dr. Carl E. Seashore, Chairman of the Division of Anthropology and Psychology in the National Research Council, a lifelong student of this problem, who has prepared at my request the following statement. I am glad to commend this appeal to all public-spirited men and women who may be in a position to help reclaim to higher usefulness some of those boys and girls who through no fault of their own have been deprived of the opportunity to make the most of themselves.

JOHN J. TIGERT.

THE largest asset in the resources of our Nation is our children.

The greatest conservation movement of our day is the movement for the conservation of human energies in the health and education of our children.

The returns we shall reap will be somewhat proportional to our wisdom in providing (1) for the health of all, and (2) for the education of each in accordance with his kind and degree of natural endowment.

THE PRESENT SITUATION

Although extraordinary progress has been made in the provision for universal education and for the educational direc-

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tion of children in the industries, many children who would have profited greatly by educational advantages have been thrown prematurely into the industries. Some of the brighter ones have discovered means of advancement and will come out strong, self-made men and women; but the chances are against them and the method is wasteful. Some of our most valuable resources will be lost.

The lives of many children are wasted because our present educational system has not fitted them as individuals. Masses of children reach their limit of profitable education before the eighth grade; others, at the end of the high school course; others, at the end of the college course; but for a few there is no upper limit. These are the rare and most precious human energies; yet they often pass undiscovered and without opportunity for self-realization.

THE NEW MOVEMENT

It is therefore proposed to reclaim, conserve, and develop for better utilization the brain power of boys and girls of high ability who have entered industrial employment or other labor prematurely.

This movement of voluntary reclamation is based on the principle that a person is valuable to society somewhat in proportion to his capacity for wholesome and effective knowing, feeling, and doing, and that the individual has a right to training at his highest level of achievement. This is the doctrine of equal opportunity: "To him that hath shall be given"—from the poorest to the most gifted, each in accordance with his natural capacity for receiving.

It is in the interest of society, industry, and education to apply this principle of equal opportunity by discovering outstanding cases of neglect and need and to give to them this opportunity of training and living at their highest level of successful achievement.

HOW TO FIND THE MOST DESERVING

The standard of worth should embrace such traits as brilliance of intellect, artistic nature, power of leadership, creative imagination, the impulse for achievement, a craving for education of some kind. One or more of these may be the mark of valuable resources.

It would be quite possible to introduce modern, technical methods of mental testing, rating, and competitive procedures for more or less exact placing of the deserving in the order of merit; but we here prefer a simpler, more personal and direct method. There is no object in exactness, for the whole project hinges on a free play of human interests and a personal touch both in giving and receiving.

Therefore let society unite in the search for "the boy in a hundred," "the girl in a hundred," and as many more who represent great promise as can be found and helped. Let individuals and groups search in the schools (a preventive measure), in the homes, in the industries, in the social group, and find here and there the boys and girls they consider most worth reclaiming.

Let them accept the opinion of those who are alert for this interest in the schools, of those who are in charge of personnel in the industries, of the organized effort of clubs, associations, and other community agencies.

There is no excuse on the ground of difficulty in selecting. The only reason for selecting is that we cannot take everybody, and it represents good judgment to serve those who are most clearly deserving.

HOW TO ORGANIZE

This movement for the salvaging of gifted children must be Nation-wide; yet it must be informal, personal, and aggressive, it must be carried on by a spontaneous impulse of generosity and willingness to serve in accordance with local needs and resources. Each community must find its own way or ways through some individual or organization that has the vision and vitality for leadership in the organization of this service. Social, commercial, industrial, art, and religious organizations may then enter upon a co-operative programme throughout the city for the extension of public school privileges, for the enforcement of school laws, for the motivation of school attendance, for the encouragement of self-help in connection with school work, for the collection and administration of special funds for this purpose, and for the encouragement of initiative in spontaneous methods of discovering and assisting individuals.

This message is an appeal for one volunteer leader in each city of the United States. Such a volunteer should have the hearty indorsement of the public school authorities.

METHODS OF EDUCATING

For every case we should find out (1) as much as possible about the nature of the individual, his capacities, needs, ambitions, health, promise of achievement, and resources; and (2) in regard to his environment, the chances for growth, for encouragement, direction, and support in education. Emergency work of this kind depends for its success upon the ingenuity of its leaders in discovering for each selected child what kind of education he most needs and by what means it can be obtained.

Keeping the child in the ordinary school is not the only method of education, although it should be followed wherever it can be done; and extension schools, night schools, part-time schools, schools in the industries, and all sorts of extension school work outside of the regular day school should be considered and encouraged.

But bright children are usually gifted in some particular direction and often call for a special education. What they need is not so much teaching as opportunity for study; not so much formal instruction as encouragement, inspiration, and fellowship. In other words, they need time and encouragement.

Time must be provided for by the exercise of ingenuity on the part of the leaders in this movement. It may be through added home support, partial self-support, support through benevolent funds for this purpose, and various other ways. Ingenuity can do wonders in this respect when coupled with sympathetic interest.

Encouragement in the way of instruction which leads to direction of study, study clubs, personal instruction, or tutoring may be obtained in many ways out of school. Boys' clubs, girls' clubs, women's clubs, men's clubs, burning with enthusiasm for service, can furnish abundant assistance in this direction. The modern library is an adequate teacher to the gifted person. The industries can transfer the child to an occupation which in itself will furnish the type of training most needed. The music teacher and the art teacher can provide apprentices who will gladly volunteer their help in training. Often what a youth needs is an outlet through avocational training—a means of self-expression in some sort of artistic or creative work which is an offset to the labor of the regular vocation; for labor should not be discouraged, but fullness of life should be encouraged.

Here, again, the main thing is to awaken in the mind of the people the need of doing this thing and the establishment of some method of follow-up work. The resources are abundant.

The need of this movement is self-evident. The means of its accomplishment are at hand. This appeal will reach every city in the United States through this journal, and through other agencies which will be set in motion. Individuals will respond by organizing in their communities.

To encourage co-operation and help in the development of methods those who undertake this enterprise are requested to communicate with the United States Commissioner of Education at Washington, D. C., in whose office all such information will be assembled and, if the returns justify, bulletins will be issued from time to time reporting the results and methods in order that one community may profit by the experience of another.

WHEN "MA'AM BID" GAVE A DANCE IN THE GRAVEYARD

This character sketch of the first white woman born among the pioneers in Ontario, Canada, may not shake any empires to the ground, but it is human enough to deserve an announcement of its coming. It is by Florence R. Livesay, who is, among other things, an authority on Ukrainian poetry.

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FIRE

BY FULLERTON WALDO

AS the little steamer nosed a scow up the Athabasca River toward McMurray, we could tell from the yellowish-gray haze in the distance and a faint blue mist over the river that somewhere—it might be a hundred miles or more away—the forest was on fire. To left and right of where we were gliding along the hot, wide stream, placid as oil itself, the spruces stood eighty feet high, straight as ramrods. To any lover of trees, of creatures little or large that run among them, of Indians whose home is in the woods and by the lakes and streams, it is always a poignant distress that lives of trees, of animals, of men, are constantly paying for the carelessness of those who light fires in the woods and do not put them out.

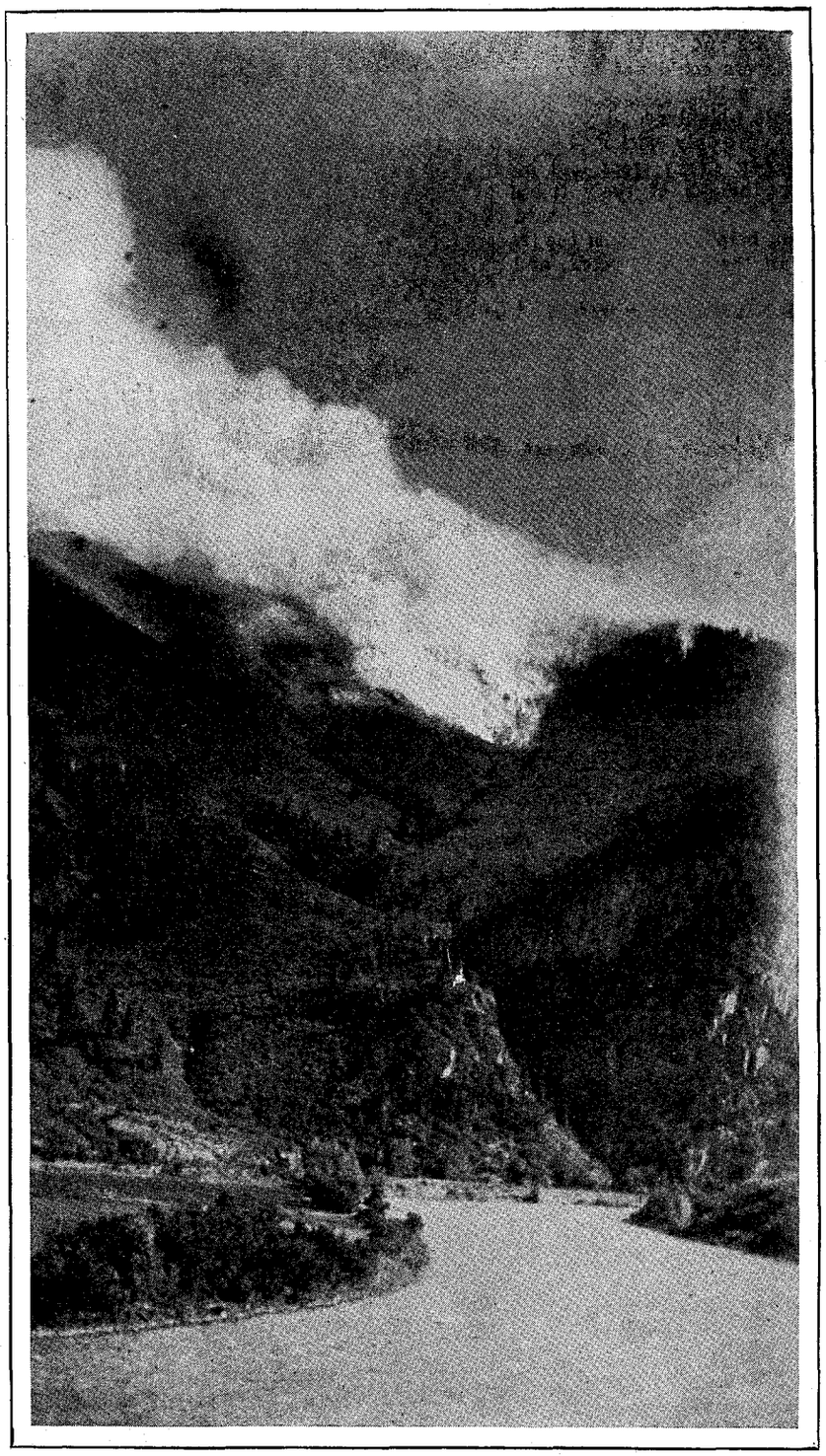
This is a story told me by a fair and thoughtful trader who deals with the very tribes of Indians concerned in the tragedy. We were leaning over the boat rail looking at the smoke in the sky as he talked to me.

In July, 1919, twenty-eight Indians were at a small lake northeast of Big Island Lake, which is in Saskatchewan, north of Bear River and near the Alberta line. Some were Saulteux (Jumpers) and some were Cree. They were there to hunt and to dig seneca roots, which are exported to the Japanese for throat trouble.

They were encamped in tents on the north side of the lake, and a breeze blew from the south. In the evening they saw fire in the south, but thought they were safe from it, and, rolling themselves in their blankets, they fell asleep.

The lake is a mile square, and dense spruce woods inclosed it. Midnight came. One woke, and sprang to his feet, choking and half blinded. His shouts aroused his comrades. The other side of the lake was a fiery furnace. From it the sparks shot skyward and were blown to the north side, where the Indians were, on the scorching breath of the whirlwind. Then, as the Indians described it, the flame came billowing over the lake like the "rolls" of hay that some of the far-traveled among their number had seen gathered in by horse-rakes on the prairie. Boughs and leaves aflame came hurtling like scorching flails to the devastation of the little canvas camp. Even huge embers of glowing charcoal were rained on them as from a volcano. It was Pelée in miniature, and far from all hope of rescue.

Some rushed to the canoes, to find them afire. Then they took to the lake. To raise their heads above the surface was to be engulfed in a sheet of flame. It was as if the water itself were burning. Soon their flesh was roasting on their backs and shoulders.



THE TRAIL OF THE DRAGON

Some were caught and burned in the tents; in their despair they cowered under the blankets, refusing to leave, till the fire found and consumed them.

One man made his escape, found a horse somewhere, and rode seventy-five miles to the Indian agent at Cold Lake Reserve. Then the agent rode thirty miles to Bonneville and routed out the nearest physician—Dr. Sebourin. When he got to the lake several days had elapsed, and the scene that met his eyes was one of horror unmitigated. Twelve of the twenty-eight Indians were dead, and the rest were dreadfully burned. They lay about gasping in agony, rolling and moaning, or frantic with the pain of burns for which they had no

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medicaments. The decayed flesh on some of the bodies even of the living was deep as the first joint of one's finger; the flies had settled there and the worms crawled. Gangrene had set in. Ears and noses were burned away, and lepers could not have presented a more appalling picture of disfigurement.

Tents, blankets, dogs, were gone; there were only blackened stumps where the great green trees had been. The other Indians of their tribes at Big Island Lake, when they heard of their plight, helped them out; the traders forgot all thoughts of profit, and gave as much as they could.

That is but one sorrowful example of a menace which the Government of Canada to-day faces with determination. Airplanes have been pressed into service to scout and to report, and even to carry fire-fighting apparatus promptly to a conflagration. The same criminal negligence that is Canada's bane is responsible for a large part of the monstrous annual fire losses in the United States.

It is usually not the guilty who suffer. The incendiaries, as a rule, "make their getaway" and go scot-free. It is those who must make their living in the woods who are the victims. Often they dwell in obscure and remote, inaccessible regions. Frequently they are poor. Their appeal is inarticulate. They command no important political influence. They cannot cohesively formulate and present their cause. It must be done for them by those who understand and sympathize.

Even the matter-of-fact, "practical," unsentimental man of business knows very well that this is not a grievance of the æsthete and the sentimentalist. None realizes better than he the cost in dollars and cents of sheer carelessness; and he is no friend of the fool who camps in a magnificent plantation of the greenwood as though it were all his own, and leaves the glowing coals to ruin it for all who come after him, and perchance to take their lives.

AN ASSURED INCOME

BY ELSIE SINGMASTER

At six o'clock on the morning of the 1st of May Lydia Rose opened the door of her small millinery establishment. It looked out on a street which had once been devoted to residences alone, but which now had in Miss Lydia's block a bakery, a grocery store, a butcher shop, and a printing-office. Miss Lydia's house was still her residence; she had merely added a little projecting window at the front and had converted her parlor into a show-room. The dining-room was her sitting-room and workroom, and she had her meals in her pleasant kitchen. At the back of the house was a deep yard with a spreading apple tree, a little vegetable garden, and quantities of flowers which were the descendants of those raised by her mother.

Lydia was forty-five years old and fine-looking. She had been a homely girl, with features which seemed too large and a bony, awkward frame, but she had acquired flesh during the last few years, which beautified her figure and reduced the apparent size of her nose. Her hair, which had been black, was now iron gray. It was uniform in color and of the slightly coarse texture which is most desirable, and it brightened by contrast her dark eyes. It waved naturally away from her face, and by furnishing a becoming foundation for her hats attracted customers who expected her to do as well with their thin locks.

It was not necessary for Lydia to start her day so early. Usually she did not open the shop until eight o'clock. This morning, however, she was roused from sleep by an exciting prospect, and she rose and dressed, anxious to have her household work and some of her hat-trimming out of the way by the time the postman arrived. Most of her customers had bought and worn their spring head-gear long before May 1, and were now investing in fluffy, flower-covered summer hats.

It was no wonder that Lydia was excited. Since she was twenty years old she had earned her own living, and during a part of the time she had supported her mother. She made about five hundred dollars a year, and it was not without anxiety and much clever contriving that she gave her mother the comforts she needed and presented a prosperous front to the world. Her life, it seemed to her, had been one long contrivance; one anxious situation was not met and solved until there was another pressing for solution. Ever-present, never entirely forgotten, even in her happiest moments, was the problem of the future when she should no longer be able to work. It seemed a dreadful thing that one should work hard and conscientiously all one's life and never have more than one needed.

Now, however, her anxiety was over. To-day she was to receive a legacy—an incredible gift of thirty thousand dollars, the property of an aged cousin of her mother's who had died intestate. It was like manna from heaven. She had been notified that the securities would be handed to her on May 1, but she had mentioned the matter to no one. There were many slips between the cup and the lip, for one thing, and for another she could not convince herself that her prospect was not a dream.

She stood for a moment looking into the street. A truck which brought bread from the nearest city had backed up to the grocery store and the driver was swinging the crates to the pavement, indifferent to their destruction. A boy was sweeping out the entrance of the printing-office, and the butcher, white-aproned and enormous, stood, with arms akimbo, on the curb in front of his shop. He bade Lydia a loud good-morning.

"You ain't often up so early, Miss Lydia. You're not going to get married?"

Though Lydia was forty-five years old, an allusion to marriage always disturbed her profoundly. She answered gayly, "Not if I know it!" but she went in quickly and closed her door. Inside she said aloud: "Hateful! Hateful!" Her house seemed suddenly empty, her little shop poor, the spring morning clouded, and her legacy of no value because it came too late.

If twenty-five years ago she had had a legacy such as this, it might have profited her; then Phaon Webb might have been aware of her existence. She did not mean that Phaon was mercenary—to her he was the sum of all virtues; she meant that illuminated by the possession of wealth she might have become visible to him. Having once seen her, he might have discerned the tender heart which loved him. But he had married Lydia's friend and schoolmate Cora Adams, and time had proved his choice a tragic mistake. Poor Cora had grown old before her time; she was tiny, shrunken, forlorn, and undeniably careless and down-at-heel. Lydia meanwhile had grown handsome. At this moment ashamed, but unable to resist, she was looking into the large store mirror. But this gift also was worthless because it came too late.

Sharply reproving herself, she set to work. She shook down the fire, put on the draught, opened the back door, and walked through the sweet, dew-drenched yard and gathered a bouquet of flowers. When she had eaten her breakfast, she sat down to her work. The hat of white tulle which she was fashioning belonged to pretty Mrs. Lloyd, about whom there were unpleasant whispers. Lydia's mind dwelt upon her with a guilty pleasure. How would it feel to have not merely one lover, but to be adored?

As nine o'clock drew near Lydia grew nervous and laid down her work. It was not alone, indeed it was not chiefly, because the postman came at nine, but because at that hour Phaon Webb went by. He was burgess of the town, and also notary public and justice of the peace. He opened his office at nine o'clock, and every morning for many

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years Lydia, herself unseen, had watched him pass.

She walked softly into the front room and stationed herself behind the little counter, from where she could see out of the projecting window. Phaon was as regular as the sun and of a kindred splendor. He was tall and broad-shouldered, and he wore a square, luxuriant iron-gray beard parted on his chin. Lydia had been young when beards were cultivated and treasured, and to her no clean-shaven man was good-looking. Phaon carried himself erectly and he lifted his hat with a sweeping bow when he passed an acquaintance. He had black eyes and a deep, hearty voice. To Lydia, at least, he had the final attraction which pathos lends a human being. He was beautiful and great and bound to Cora Adams.

When he had passed, Lydia stood still with throbbing heart. He was gone, and with him for a few minutes at least all courage and capacity to endure life.

She was still standing with her hand over her heart when the postman opened the door and handed her a long, thick, registered letter. He was frankly curious about the contents—he remembered that Lydia, who for twenty years had had no mail except catalogues, had for several months been receiving letters with the address of a legal firm in the corner.

"Perhaps you've come into a fortune?" he said.

"Perhaps I have," said Lydia, and vouchsafed no more.

As the postman went out a customer entered, and Lydia could not open her letter. In confusion she stood looking at the newcomer. It was little Cora Webb, who still wore her shabby winter hat and carried in the bag in her hand, Lydia knew, her shabby summer hat. She smiled at Lydia shyly and held out the bag. She could not but be aware that something had marred their old friendship—on her part one of unlimited affection and admiration—but what it was she did not dream. She looked unusually small and pale and frightened. To Lydia she looked ill. A thought of appalling wickedness entered Lydia's mind and she banished it with a little cry.

"Oh, Cora, you're not sick?"

"No," said Mrs. Webb. "Here, I've brought you an old friend. Do you think you can fix it up a bit?"

Lydia took the old hat out of the bag. Her hand shook; the morning's emotions were almost too much for her.

"I thought you could turn the ribbon. I brought a piece of silk for the lining."

Lydia's anger at herself and her impatience with Cora made her speak sharply. It was wicked for Cora to be so close and so indifferent to her obligations as Phaon's wife.

"I guess I can."

Cora backed a little toward the door. She was suddenly afraid of Lydia.

"Could I have it by Sunday?"

"I guess so," said Lydia, again in her sharp fashion. She wished that poor little Cora would take her business elsewhere.

In the long, heavy envelope she found a dozen folded documents, printed and engraved on thick, crackling paper. She saw the name of her old cousin and her own name written plainly. She held here in her hand thirty thousand dollars—it was not to be believed! She was notified in an inclosure from the executor that she must sign a release before a notary public, and she remembered that Phaon was a notary public. She locked her door and went up the street toward the Square, in which was the burgess's office, her documents in her hand. Any thief with half an eye might have guessed that the object she carried was of great value to herself at least. To her it was precious, not because it was worth thirty thousand dollars, but because it furnished her with an honest reason to call upon Phaon Webb. Excited in both mind and body, her head lifted, her cheeks glowing, she opened his door.

Phaon rose to greet her and set out a chair. His manners were perfect; a king's courtier could have been no more solicitous for her comfort. He gave her his most polite attention.

"You wish to make a statement that you have received certain securities?" Phaon was interested; he wondered what securities Lydia could have.

Lydia opened the envelope and took the papers out and passed them to Phaon.

"There they are."

"I see," said Phaon in his pleasant, deep voice. He began to turn the papers over and make a note of each one. "I see," he said again in a more eager tone. "Why, Miss Lydia!" he cried at last. "I congratulate you."

"It was very unexpected," explained Lydia. "I had never even seen my cousin."

"You will of course carry them to the bank?" said Phaon.

"Yes."

"And you will be very careful not to let any designing person tempt you to exchange these desirable securities for anything else?"

"Oh, yes!" Lydia's bosom rose and fell and there was a lovely smile on her face. These solicitous words were the sweetest she had ever heard. Phaon looked at her with as much astonishment as he had looked at her substantial securities. He continued to look at her as he read the list and had her compare her papers with it and pronounced the words of the oath for her to repeat.

"If I can ever be of any help to you," he said, walking with her to the door, "you will surely ask me?"

Miss Lydia knew that together they made a pair the equal of which was seldom seen.

"Oh, yes," she said, gratefully.

The men in the bank were as astonished as Phaon and as congratulatory. They ushered Lydia into a little private room where she had never been, and thence to the safe-deposit vault and gave her her key. When she left, an official escorted her to the door and all eyes followed her.

"Any investment you may have to make we shall be glad to attend to for you," said the polite gentleman.

Lydia prepared her lunch, but she could not eat. Her good fortune had brought her as yet only a disturbing excitement and no satisfaction. She should begin on Cora Webb's hat, but this particular piece of work was acutely distasteful. She would have to remove the trimming, dye the straw and probably the ribbon, curl the absurd fragment of ostrich feather, and line the hat with the frail old silk which was fit only for the rag-bag. It was not because it was an old hat—her deft fingers rejoiced in reconstruction—it was because she could not bear to touch anything of Cora Webb's. Her good fortune actually made her unhappy; her conversation with Phaon and his magnificent presence as they stood side by side disturbed her to the very soul. There was only one thing worth while in life, and that she had missed.

Early in the afternoon her neighbors began to inquire about the rumor of her wealth. The sum was now a thousand dollars, now ten thousand. One woman had heard a hundred thousand. In the middle of the afternoon a caller mentioned casually that Mrs. Phaon Webb was desperately ill. Phaon had found her lying on the kitchen floor at noon, and had summoned the doctor and a civic nurse.

Lydia grew pale. She saw frightened little Cora, and she remembered how she had put out her hand to the showcase as if to save herself from a sudden fall. Her face crimsoned. When her visitor had gone, she said aloud, "God forgive me!" and set to work at once on Cora's hat. She put upon it her most expert workmanship. Occasionally she rose and walked nervously up and down, saying aloud, as though she were addressing some one at hand: "Keep these thoughts out of my mind! Keep these fearful thoughts out of my mind!"

In the morning Phaon did not pass at his regular time, and she heard that Cora was worse. Her hat was finished and placed in a new bag, and not in the old one in which Lydia had let her carry it back and forth for five years at least. She wished that she might do all the work again, so as to keep temptation out of her heart, but another handling might destroy the feather and the delicate old lining.

Cora had been sick for a week when one morning Lydia saw Phaon coming down the street. The postman was coming from the opposite direction, and she regretted his approach; he was coming in, and then she could not look at Phaon. He handed her a long, thin envelope, and believing that Phaon had gone by, she opened it. It contained a check for one hundred dollars and eight

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cents, the amount of a dividend. The check signified far more to Lydia than her securities; this she could deposit or spend. She heard a little stir, and looked up.

Phaon had not passed by; he was entering the door. He bade her good-morning and came close to the counter, behind which she stood. He seemed to fill the little store, and he filled the world for Lydia. He looked at her in the kindest, most protecting way. It was as though he understood and appreciated, while he deprecated, her unsought adoration. As for Lydia, her eyes did not travel above the upper button of his broadcloth waistcoat. It seemed to her suddenly that she had never seen such fine broadcloth. Phaon always dressed like a prince.

Hearing a little sound, she looked up. Phaon's eyes were now fixed upon the check lying spread out upon the counter. They were hungry eyes, they were even moist, like a watering mouth. His mouth also watered; the little sound he made was a sound of swallowing. It was preparatory to a speech which Lydia did not hear, though it seemed impossible that any word of Phaon's would not have reached her ear. She seemed to be alone with Phaon in a great wide space, all her faculties for the moment suspended.

"I didn't hear," she said at last faintly, her voice coming as though from a long distance. She became aware as she spoke that she had heard, after all.

"I came to speak of Mrs. Webb's hat," repeated Phaon. "She will not need it. I felt you should be spared the trouble of working upon it."

"Will not need it!" repeated Lydia. "You don't mean that she is dead!"

"No," said Phaon, gently and sadly. "But she is very ill. I have no hope of her recovery, and it is not necessary to continue upon her hat."

Lydia saw Mrs. Webb's hat, its dyed and redyed ribbons, its ancient feather, its crumbling straw. She saw Phaon's waistcoat. It was as though she saw also a whole world crumbling like the straw.

"Oh!" said she at last. "Very well."

"You understand?" said Phaon. "I could not speak so plainly to every one."

Lydia said nothing. Her fine head with its beautiful glistening crown bent so low that Phaon could see only her forehead.

"With you, dear Miss Lydia, I feel at home. I may speak frankly. I believe her case is hopeless. She takes no interest in life. It is a sort of voluntary giving up. I'm glad to feel that, though I'm desolate, you will be my friend. You will, won't you?" said Phaon after a little pause.

Still Lydia did not answer.

"I know you will," said Phaon. He bent over the little counter and laid his large warm hand on Lydia's.

When at last Lydia lifted her head, the door was closed and Phaon gone. She looked at her hand, then she made a strange motion as though she brushed from it an annoying insect. Her face was pale, then red. She seemed to be plunged in profound meditation. Once she put her hands to each side of her head as though to help herself think.

"Oh, mercy!" she said at last. Whether she spoke in behalf of herself or some one else it was impossible to say.

When she had stood behind the counter for at least ten minutes, she seemed suddenly to arrive at a plan of action. Her face was flushed, her eyes bright. She put out her hand to the shelf behind her and took down the crisp new bag which contained Mrs. Webb's forlorn old hat. She turned the hat round and round in her hand. In spite of all she had done, and no one could do more, it looked as though it had been the victim of an accident. She contemplated it with profound disgust.

Then suddenly Lydia began to search through her shop as though for something she had lost and needed desperately. She opened drawer after drawer and took down box after box. She seemed to forget her habit of neatness; boxes and drawers were left open, or, if they were hastily slammed shut, the contents protruded. A bolt of black ribbon of fine quality and a little jet ornament seemed at last to satisfy her, and these she carried to her workroom. She then locked her door behind her, and though it was only the middle of the morning, went rapidly up the street. A physician intent upon saving a life could have traveled with little more energy.

Next to the bank was the town's most elegant millinery establishment, and this she entered. Her requirements seemed hard to meet, for the proprietor searched as though Lydia wished to inspect all the stock. In the end she bought a fine, expensive untrimmed black hat and two little tightly curling white ostrich feathers.

Back in her house, she sat down beside her table. She worked swiftly, and she had never worked to better purpose. No Parisian milliner could have made a handsomer hat or one better suited to the little face and head of Cora Webb. When she had finished, she put it into the crisp bag and again locked the door and went out. This time she did not go toward the Square, but in the opposite direction.

She found Mrs. Webb's door open, and, calling, heard a weak voice answer. She had not been in the house for many years, but she knew the way upstairs. There was, in fact, no mistaking it in the poor little dwelling.

"It's Lydia Rose," she called. "Shall I come up, Cora?"

The faint voice answered "Yes," and Lydia climbed the steps.

Mrs. Webb's room, like the rest of the house, was poorly furnished. The carpet was darned, the bedcovers were patched, the towel on the bureau was in holes. Everything was clean, but everything had the appearance of having been used till it could be used no more. The stray pickings of a justice of the peace, of a notary and a burgess, all combined, were, after all, not nearly a man's wage. Somehow, however, broadcloth was bought and supposedly paid for.

On her back, tiny in the wide bed, lay Mrs. Webb. Her face was pale, her arms lay limply at her sides, but she smiled and a gleam came into her black eyes. Lydia scouted the idea that she was voluntarily giving up life. Sitting down beside her on the edge of the bed, she opened her bag at once.

"Cora," she said, briskly, "I'm dreadfully sorry you've been so sick. I might have brought you some broth or some flowers, but I supposed you had enough of both, so I made a hat for you. I can make better hats than broth."

Mrs. Webb lifted her hand as though to shield her eyes from some distressing sight.

"Oh, I'll never wear my old hat," she said. "Never. You needn't have brought it."

"I didn't bring your old hat," said Lydia, firmly. "I brought your new hat. Of course you're going to wear it! Here it is. A present. So get well quick."

"Oh!" cried Mrs. Webb, and burst into tears. "Oh! oh!"

"What is the matter?" asked Lydia, alarmed.

"Not a new hat for *me?*" said Mrs. Webb from between her sobs.

"Why not?" demanded Lydia.

"It was that old hat that made me ill," confessed Mrs. Webb. "It seemed so dreadful to take it to you. I looked at you and felt so old and tired and worn and unhappy, and you were so beautiful and capable and—and"—Mrs. Webb relieved her anguish with an amazing word—"and so free. I envied you. It seemed more than I could bear."

"You envied *me?*" said Lydia, with a burning blush.

"Yes, you. Who wouldn't envy you?"

Again Lydia's lovely head bent low.

"I heard you had come into a fortune," said Mrs. Webb. "Phaon told me."

"It's true," said Lydia. "Now where shall I put this hat?"

"Where I can see it," said Mrs. Webb. "And, Lydia—"

"Yes," said Lydia. "I'm listening."

Mrs. Webb looked shamefaced. "There are some patent curlers in that drawer. I'd like to have them by me, so I can put them on to-night."

Lydia went back to her house, walking slowly, though she was hungry. If only she could do still more for Cora Webb! If only she were rich! Suddenly she stopped short. She was rich!

She went on, trembling, and opened her door. In the shop she stood still, a throng of detached impressions confusing her. She saw the bag which held Mrs. Lloyd's hat, and she remembered her and her lovers. Poor thing, not to

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have got over that sort of foolishness! She thought of her neighbors—how much she had to be thankful for compared to all of them! She remembered Cora—they had had happy times together, they should again. A hundred kindly intentions, unfulfilled because of poverty, flooded her heart. She felt mature, self-confident, even powerful.

"I have earned my living," she said aloud. "I took care of mother. I have done my duty as far as I could. Now I have an assured income." Her heart leaped. "There are people who squander everything and others who spend nothing. I must be wise."

It seemed to her suddenly that all her life had been interesting and romantic.

Then Lydia blushed again. She saw the place behind her counter in which she had stationed herself each morning for so many years, her heart throbbing, her eyes straining to catch each detail of an impressive progress. Again she uttered her thoughts aloud, and again it was difficult to tell whether she spoke of herself or another. But as she spoke she laughed.

"What a perfect idiot!" said Lydia Rose.

WORDS

BY MARGARET WIDDEMER

THERE are lovely words;
One is Desolate;
It dresses tired sorrows
In a purple state;
It fastens a gold mask
Over loneliness;
It lies like a rich veil
Over prone distress.

There are lovely words;
One is Merciful;
It is like brown water
Dripping slow and cool;
It is like a cold hand
Pressed on burning eyes;
It is like slow music
Before the flute dies.

There are lovely words:
One is Dream;
It is like the moon-line
Laid on a black stream;
It is like three tiny sails
Along an orchid sky;
It is all silver things
That will not die.

There are lovely words—
Peace, Regret, Delight;
One is like a white image
Against a black night;
One is like a slim girl
Shrouded and bowed;
One is like a leaping child
Laughing out loud.

Words are like red butterflies
Over the wheat yield;
Words are like thick snow
On a scarred field;
Words are sweet to say
Softly under breath. . . .
There are lovely words:
One is Death.

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MAN MAY OWE HIS EXISTENCE TO-DAY TO THE BAT

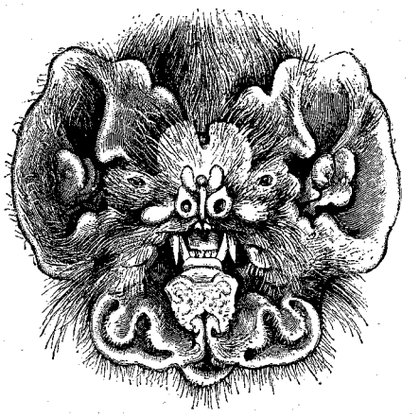
BY ROBERT H. MOULTON

THAT man may owe his existence to-day to one lone mammal that can fly, the bat, sounds rather far-fetched. Yet, according to scientists, this is quite possible, because it must be remembered that the bat probably evolved prior to all other mammals, and it was his province to reduce in the air the dominant, swarming insect tribes which in those early times easily owned the earth after nine million years of continuous breeding on a vast scale.

His associate in the good work of insect destruction, evolving not long after him, was the ant-eater. The function of the latter was to clear the ground of a class of insects as deadly as those which had wings. At first birds were not insect eaters. They were carnivora, and probably fed on the fat, insect-eating bats, preventing them, in turn, from becoming too dominant. Thus all nature checks growths of too dominant animals and plants, and makes for an average of species. Nor will man permit any particular race or nation of men to become too dominant. Hence there have been wars between men, somewhere on earth, if not over most of it, ever since primitive man was evolved.

The bats have strange habits of living. Thousands of them mass together in caves and attics, or fill up a hollow tree to its capacity. It is doubtful if bats could perform their whole province in nature—that of vast insect extermination—if their life were not conducted in a manner productive of immense progeny.

Gray divided the bats into two classes, those which from the beginning have lived upon insects and those which descended from them, the fruit-eaters. Of the latter, the largest species extant is the so-called "flying fox" of Malay, which has a spread of wings of five feet



BLAINVILLE'S BAT

The entire face of this bat is occupied and covered by sensitive hairs, enabling it to receive echos of the vibrations sent out by its wings. In this bat we have the highest development of the organ of the sixth sense to be found anywhere in animated nature

MUNICIPAL BAT-ROOST AT SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

or more. Of the former class, or rather out of it, is the South American vampire bat, which lives only on blood, and which when confronted with a choice as between a mule and the man on its back lights on the mule and sucks its blood until dispossessed.

In Africa, where there are large herds of game, there are no vampire bats. In the neotropical region, where there is abundance of fruits, there are no fruit-eating bats. The fruit-eaters command attention by their great flights, continuing for weeks across the African country. It is within their powers of flight to travel across the country between 5° north and 5° south of the equator. Since travelers note the occurrence of several species throughout this range, migration is the only possible solution; otherwise they would starve to death if they remained in one region continuously. The digestion of fruit bats is so rapid that they must travel far and often to keep supplied with food.

Three species only of bats are known to be common all over North America: the silver-haired, the hoary, and the red bat. Each species is migratory, and they are easily able to cross ocean barriers, as is proved by plain fact that they have often done so. It is not generally realized that bats possess powers of flight superior to those of many birds. This may be inferred from the fact that a red bat has been known to catch flies in the air while burdened with young that together weighed more than she did. Most California bats catch and devour their prey on the wing, biting off and rejecting the hard parts of the insects.

Bats are as valuable to humans as insectivorous birds. They are especially important in keeping in check nocturnal insects, particularly disease carriers. Dr. A. C. Campbell, of San Antonio, Texas, found that ninety per cent of the food of bats in that vicinity consisted of malaria-carrier mosquitoes. He advocated erecting roosts in all parts of the country where mosquitoes are pestiferous. San Antonio responded by erecting a roost and protecting bats by law.

Now that the San Antonio municipal bat roost has proved its success, it is Dr. Campbell's idea to have this natural hygienic measure adopted by governments, municipalities, or corporations controlling large bodies of land in malarial regions which are financially able to erect enough of the roosts to protect their tenants. The reason is obvious. It is the masses, the poorer classes, the wage-earners, who are the ones to be benefited, as it is they principally who are the carriers of the diseases. They know nothing about the dangers of these insects, or the use of screens, or perhaps they are too poor to buy them.

The Bureau of Entomology at Washington has conservatively estimated the tribute this Nation pays to malaria at $100,000,000 yearly. This proposition is in a class all by itself, because of the economic feature, which is inseparable from the hygienic. The bat catches and eats the most malevolent of insects, the malaria mosquito, and then, as if to punish it for its malignity, converts the insoluble parts of its little body into the highest of all fertilizers, guano.

It has been demonstrated that a single bat will consume 260 mosquitoes every

HEAD OF THE KALONG, A BAT WITH A BODY ABOUT FOURTEEN INCHES LONG AND A WING SPREAD OF FOUR FEET OR MORE

This bat does not inhabit caves, but makes its home among the thick foliage of trees. It feeds exclusively on fruit, has very large eyes, and has not the least trace of the organs of the sixth sense

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night, and the weight of one bat's droppings in a single day amounts to two and three-fifths grains. The bat roost at San Antonio will house 250,000 of these creatures, and in the vicinity of San Antonio they are active about nine months in the year. When it is considered that guano is worth about $50 a ton, the commercial value of the amount which may be collected from one of these roosts in a single year is easily estimated.

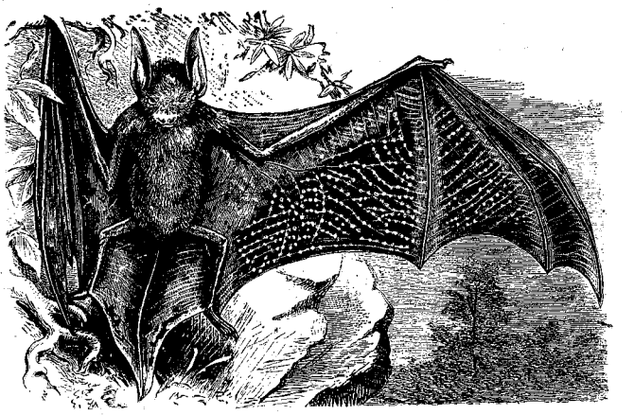
Dr. Campbell is authority for the statement, based on his own practical application and experience, that bats will eradicate malaria in any given territory where a proper home for them is established. They seem to have the particular instinct, he says, of finding the engorged mosquito, as evidenced by the fact that each pound of guano represents one and two-fifths pounds of liquid blood.

When the mosquito bites an infected person, it requires a period of seven days for the cycle of evolution that takes place in the body of the mosquito to complete itself, and not until that happens is the mosquito capable of transmitting the disease. If in a malarial region there are bats flying all night long in quest of food, they have seven days in which to catch the mosquito, and thereby stop infection.

It must not be imagined that any sort of old barn or other building, or a structure erected haphazard fashion, will do to house bats, says Dr. Campbell. The roosts must be built entirely in harmony with their very singular habits, and the bats must be attracted there. To place a large number of them in a roost after transporting them from a distance, and then expect them to remain there, is like catching any wild animal in a box, then liberating it and expecting it to return to the same box. Colonization is effected by treating the roost with a fluid giving off the odor of the bat and by spreading especially prepared guano on the floor.

A peculiarity of bat behavior which has baffled the scientists of some generations past has been the ability of the creature to avoid objects it cannot see. How, for example, can a bat, flying at top speed in a room, know that there is a fine silk thread ahead of him and turn in time to avoid it? Experiments conducted recently by Professor Hamilton Hartridge, of Cambridge, England, have thrown considerable light upon this subject.

The bat, according to Professor Hartridge, emits tiny sound waves too high to be audible to human ears. These sound waves send back an echo from all solid objects near by. The bat's wings are a mass of nerves, and parts of its face, including the ears, nose, and chin, are covered with fine, sensitive hairs, making it the most sensitive thing in animated nature. Professor Hartridge discovered that the short wave-length sounds given forth by the flying bats, while near the audible limit of man, are really above the limit of most people. The bats, while abnormally sensitive to such sounds, have little or no capacity to hear louder sounds. Experiments have shown that bats were not disturbed when persons spoke loudly to them, but they were greatly disturbed when paper was torn. The tearing of paper caused the bats to slacken their speed and flutter.



WELWITCH'S BAT, SHOWING THE SPOTS, OR NERVE CENTERS, ON THE WINGS, WHICH RECEIVE ECHOES

Bats move their wings very rapidly. They make about ten or twelve strokes in a second. This produces an extremely high note, which, striking all surrounding objects, becomes modified by their character and size, and is reflected back. These reflections are received by the so-called "organs of the sixth sense." The eyes of all insect-eating bats are dim and weak, and they apparently depend entirely upon the sensitiveness of their faces and wings in finding their way about. Professor Hartridge blindfolded a number and released them in a room which was crossed with many wires and partitioned from another room by a grid containing holes just large enough for the bats to fly through. The flying mammals never touched a wire and flew through the holes with ease.

In many cases the organ that gives the bat the sixth sense is spread over a large part of its face. In the vampire bat the organ is on the tip of the nose; it stands up in the air, and is called the "shield;" but in most of the small bats that catch insects on the wing we find two little leaves, not unlike the wings of the insect that it pursues, standing up just in front of the ears. It should be noted that all bats endowed with the sixth sense are very small, and consequently move their wings very rapidly, while the large bats with slowly moving wings, which live exclusively on fruit, never have the sixth sense, and always have large eyes. An example of the latter is the kalong, a bat with a body about fourteen inches long and a wing spread of four feet or more. It does not inhabit caves, but makes its home among the thick foliage of trees.

Following the sinking of the steamship Titanic as the result of striking an iceberg some years ago, Sir Hiram Maxim, the noted English inventor, taking his cue from the sixth sense of the bat, proposed an apparatus for ships that would send out vibrations and record the "echoes" caused by them if they struck against any hard object—an iceberg, for example. It was his idea that the infinitesimal amount of energy employed by the bat should be increased to two or three hundred horse-power—that is, waves with an amplitude and energy at least 300,000 times that of the bat should be sent out.

These vibrations, he explained, although of great energy, would not be audible to human ears, but would travel at least twenty miles, so that they could be received and recorded by a suitable apparatus at that distance, and would be able to travel at least five miles and send back to the ship a reflected echo from another ship or an iceberg that would be strong enough to be detected. Such an echo, properly received and recorded, would, he declared, not only indicate size and shape with a fair degree of accuracy, but direction and distance with great accuracy.

More recently aeronautical experts, also taking cognizance of the sixth sense of the bat, have been experimenting along the same lines with a view to devising instruments which would record for airmen sounds as they approached objects, and thus safeguard them against collisions.

THE PRICE OF WHEAT

and the reasons why the Liverpool market affects it more than the tariff laws of the United States are discussed in a forthcoming article by Henry A. Bellows. Farmers may not like it, but we hope they will read it and tell us what they think of its conclusions.

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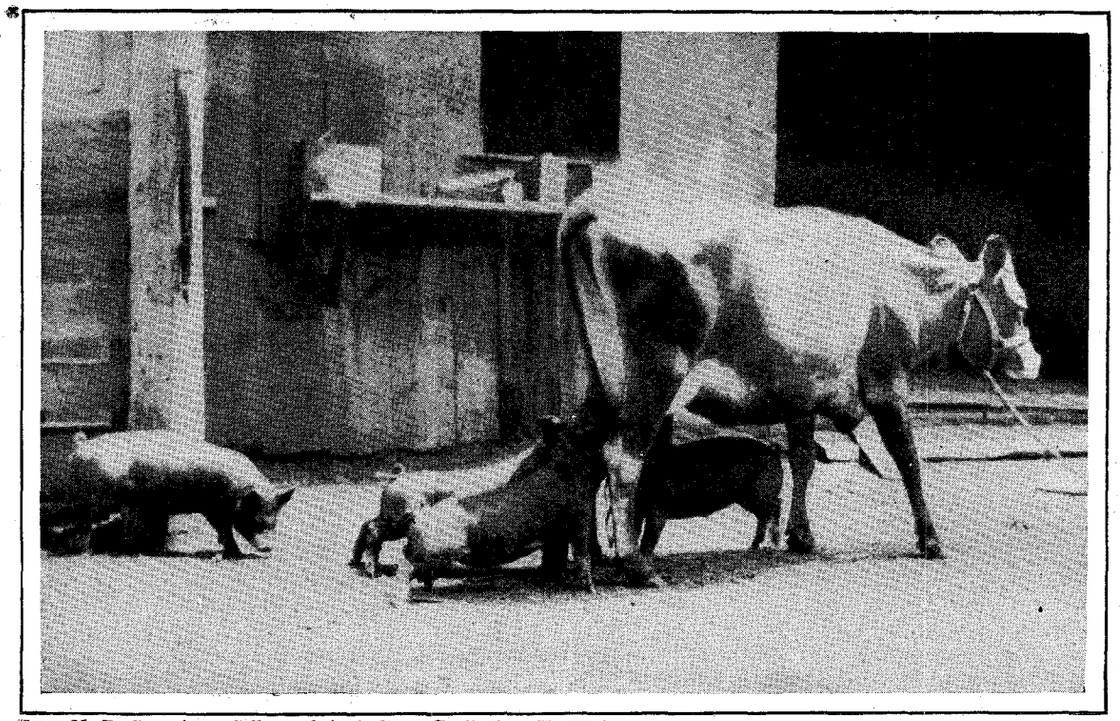
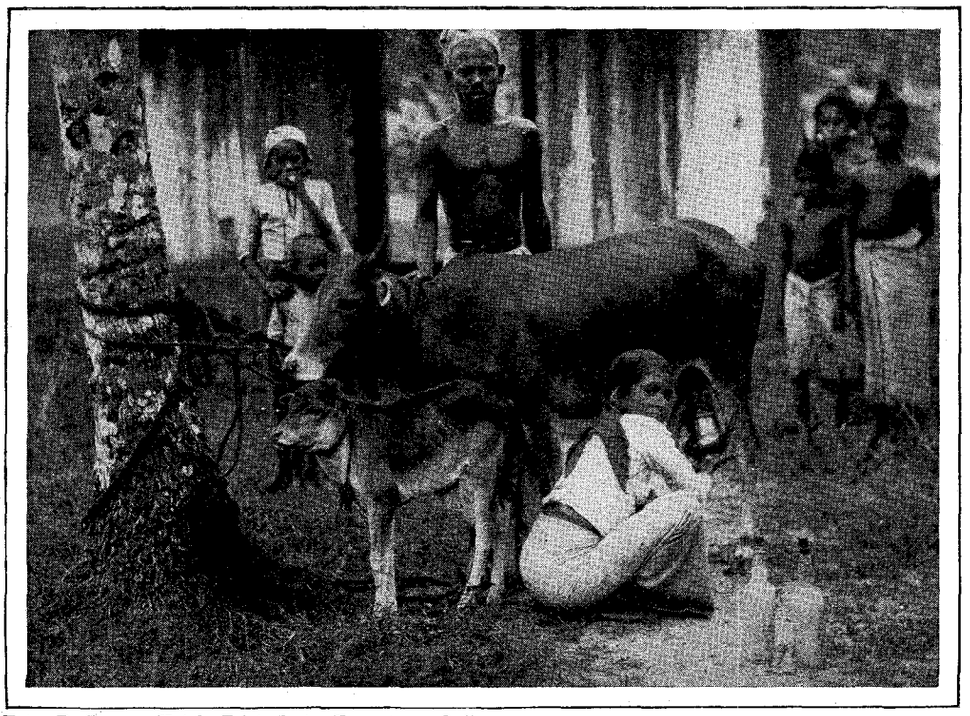
ELIMINATING THE MIDDLEMAN



From M. B. Cummings, College of Agriculture, Burlington, Vermont

"Pigs is pigs" as a general thing, but here they are acting the rôle of calves with much success



This picture shows a Moplah family of house-to-house milk dealers in India, and shows also the source of supply. The cow is tied to a tree in front of the bungalow and milked under close supervision to prevent the shifty dealers from watering their wares. The Indian people themselves, our informant states, do not object to having their milk watered. Being often very poor, they can afford but little pure milk, and watered milk "goes further." The three girls at the right of the picture are outcast Hindus

From D. Spencer Hatch, Trivandrum, Travancore, India

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THE BOOK TABLE

THE CENTENARY OF THOMAS HUGHES

BY HENRY C. SHELLEY

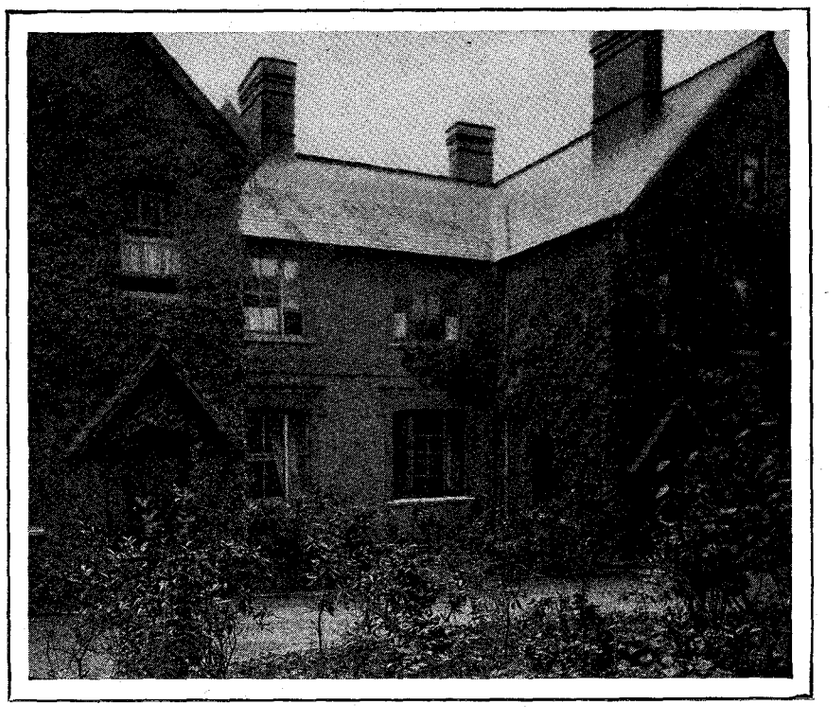
ON a late summer evening of 1856 two young barristers were in earnest talk in the study of the joint house which they had built in a suburb of London. "I have often thought," said one, "that good might be done by a real novel for boys—not didactic, like 'Sanford and Merton'—written in a right spirit, but distinctly aiming at being interesting." When his companion had agreed, he went on to say that he had tried his hand at such a story, but did not know whether it was worth publishing. Would his friend mind looking at what he had written?

An affirmative answer having been given to the question, a night or two later the first speaker placed in his friend's hand the manuscript to which he had referred. "I found," he has recorded, "that I was reading a work of absorbing interest, which would place its writer on the front rank in contemporary literature." To his friend his verdict was prompt and emphatic: "Tom, this *must* be published."

Such was the genesis of "Tom Brown's School Days," for one of those barristers was Thomas Hughes, the centenary of whose birth fell on October 20, 1922. His friend was that John M. Ludlow who figures so often in the lives of the Christian Socialists who gathered round F. D. Maurice and Charles Kingsley. Hughes was of the band. He was wholly at one with Maurice when he declared that the time had come to wage war with "the unsocial Christians and the unchristian Socialists."

That he was living side by side with Ludlow when he wrote "Tom Brown's School Days" was proof of the reality of his belief in association or co-operation. Each of the friends had come to a kindred conclusion. It was a desire to exchange legal chambers for a house out of London and yet near town. So they agreed to join forces, and bought a plot of land on Copse Hill, then and still a delightfully rural part of Wimbledon. The house, as the photograph shows, combined two buildings under one roof. The one stipulation of a Communistic kind upon which the friends agreed was that there was to be a common library and that the garden and paddock were to be used in common by both families. This joint house, named The Firs, is still in the possession of two of Mr. Ludlow's nephews, Sir Charles and Mr. Maurice des Graz. The only alterations made are the division of the garden and the transformation of the library into separate dining-rooms for each house.

Here, then, as now identified for the first time, Tom Hughes wrote his immortal book. The "*must* be published" verdict was quickly acted upon. A few days after the conversation reported above Hughes wrote to Alexander Macmillan, the publisher, to this effect: "As I have always told you, I am going to make your fortune, and you'll be happy to hear that the feat is almost or at least more than half done. I've been and gone and written or got in my head a one-volume novel, a novel for boys, to wit, Rugby in Arnold's time."



HOME OF TOM HUGHES AT WIMBLEDON

"Tom Brown's School Days" was written in the room in center on the first floor

That was no idle boast. The house of Macmillan was then in its infancy, with its headquarters, not in London, but at Cambridge. As Alexander Macmillan was always the first to confess, it was with "Tom Brown's School Days" that the firm made its "first great popular success." That success was never in doubt. Although some of the critics of 1857 were indifferent to the merits of the story, treating the volume as a mere child's book, its sterling qualities were so quickly recognized by the public that five big editions were demanded in nine months. And the demand never slackened. In the thirty years from 1857 to 1887 no fewer than sixty-six editions had to be published. To this day the original publishers regularly carry in stock no fewer than five distinct editions, while, owing to the lapse of copyright, the other versions are almost beyond calculation. It may be doubted whether the house of Macmillan has ever had a better seller. It certainly did render material help toward the fortune of Alexander Macmillan, whatever it may have done for the fortune of its author. He certainly did not die rich. His will showed a personal estate of the gross value of £8,412, and of the net value of £6,078. Doubtless, however, he had lost much of the proceeds of "Tom Brown's School Days" in his idealistic experiment at Rugby, Tennessee.

Although Tom Hughes always protested, and with much indignation, against the suggestion that Tom Brown was a portrait of himself at Rugby—"he is a much braver, and nobler, and purer fellow than I ever was"—he fully admitted that the early environment of his hero, the "small nest of the Browns," had been faithfully drawn from the scenes of his native village of Uffington, in Berkshire.

For the sake, then, of Tom Brown and Tom Hughes that restful and picturesque village in the Vale of White Horse will always hold a singular charm for the literary pilgrim. That remoteness from the busy highways of travel on which Hughes insists in the early chapters of "Tom Brown's School Days" is not altogether destroyed. It is true that Uffington now boasts a railway station, but the village is more than a mile away, and its visitors are so few and infrequent and its natives so redolent of old-world courtesy and refinement that it is not difficult to project one's self into that generation of the last century when Tom Brown was a boy.

Some changes have taken place in Tom Brown's village. For example, the

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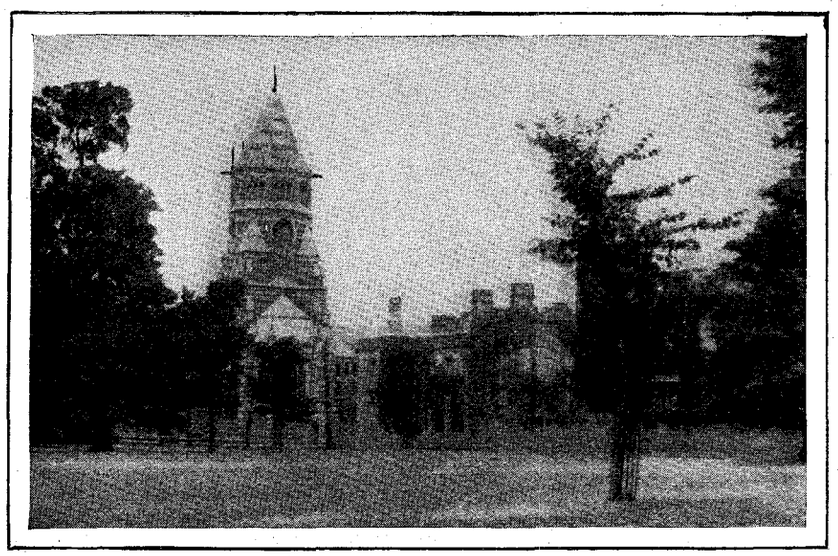

RUGBY SCHOOL, THE SCENE OF "TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL DAYS"

"pebbly brook" from which he extracted his first stickleback with a bent pin is a mere trickle of water in which it would be almost impossible to find even a stickleback. Still more futile is it to seek the canal in which, under old Benjy's tuition, he caught those three or four fish "averaging perhaps two and a half inches each." That watercourse is extinct, its bed being a mere dry, weed-choked channel.

But there are many welcome survivals. One of the chief of these is that famous White Horse Hill, with its gigantic outline of a white horse cut in the turf, to which Hughes makes so many references and which he described so lovingly in his "The Scouring of the White Horse." The general aspect of the village too is unchanged. It is still a vale—"that is, a flat country bounded by hills"—and the houses are where they were, "dropped down without the least regularity, in nooks and out-of-the-way corners, by the sides of shadowy lanes, each with its patch of garden."

And there are man-built survivals also. Unhappily, the birthplace of Hughes has been destroyed, but there are two structures closely connected with his life and book which bid fair to weather many generations yet. One of these is Uffington Church, "the splendid old Cross church," as he calls it, in which he was baptized and where he worshiped so regularly all through his boyhood. For its own sake this noble example of the Early English style of architecture is well worth a visit; but to the Hughes pilgrim the interest of its north transept will outweigh all other attractions. On one wall are several tablets to the memory of various ancestors, and close at hand is a brass which bears this inscription: "This Tablet is erected to the Glory of God and in Memory of Thomas Hughes, Q.C., sometime M.P. for Lambeth and Frome, County Court Judge and Author of 'Tom Brown's School Days.' Born 29th Oct. 1822 in this Parish, he spent his childhood here and was baptised in this Church, of which his grandfather, Dr. Hughes, was Vicar. He was a Friend of Religion, Liberty and Co-operation. He died 21st March, 1896." Near the entrance, too, is another reminder of Uffington's famous son in the form of this appeal over a money-box: "Will lovers of 'Tom Brown's School Days' help towards the upkeep of the Organ erected to the Memory of Thomas Hughes, who was born in the parish and baptised in this Church?"

Close beside the wall of the churchyard is another building familiar to the reader of "Tom Brown's School Days." This is that "well-endowed school" with which the village was "blessed," that stood on an angle where three roads meet, "an old gray stone building with a steep roof and mullioned windows." It was an old building in the eighteen-thirties, for it was built in 1617. The needs of the village children have long outgrown this tiny structure, but it is still used as a reading-room for the younger lads. It was this building, it will be remembered, that the young Tom Brown used to watch with such impatience every afternoon for the outcoming of those playfellows of whom he was the daring and high-spirited ringleader.

One other building is more connected with the family history of Tom Hughes than his hero. This is the modest farmhouse beside the lovely fish-pond where one of his maternal ancestresses made so brave a fight against adversity. Left a widow at an early age and in much reduced circumstances, she, though gently born and reared, set up here as a dairy farmer in the very village where she had been "the grand lady." Cutting herself off from all social life, she worked early and late, and so prospered as to be able to portion her daughter and give her son a Cambridge education. The latter so profited by his mother's self-denial that he rose high in the Church and died Master of the Temple.

Then there is Rugby itself, the scene of those school days which Hughes has rendered immortal. As is meet, a fine statue of the writer stands in front of one of the school buildings; but it is in the chapel of the school that one seems to come nearest, not merely to the spirit of its great head master, but also to that of Tom Brown and his creator. To visit that chapel alone, as Tom Brown did after Arnold's death, and to gaze upon the pulpit whence Arnold exercised his noble influence over his pupils, is to gain some understanding of the cause of the wholesome influence which "Tom Brown's School Days" has exercised over countless thousands of lives. In one respect, as Kingsley said, "the jolliest" book ever written, its supreme merit is its lofty tone, its glorification of all that is true and good.

THE NEW BOOKS

FICTION

HOUSE THAT DIED (THE). By Henry Bordeaux. Duffield & Co., New York. $1.75.

The author, a member of the French Academy, has the distinction of clarity, simplicity, and emotional sincerity in a degree rarely equaled. This book is admirably translated. There is a deep melancholy underlying the history of this "dead house" and of the family that occupied it, but the events related are tragical in so human and natural a way that the story seems a true transcript of life.

PLAYING WITH SOULS. By Countess de Chambrun. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.25.

Like Mr. Hutchinson in "This Freedom," the Countess de Chambrun in "Playing With Souls" fiddles harmonics on a journalistic theme. In this instance the problem is the future of children of divorced parents. The illustration might be cogent were it drawn from common experience, but the situation dealt with by the author is impossible to any but the unbelievably vapid and selfish characters whom she attempts to make representative of our aristocracy of wealth. It is impossible to sympathize with, or even to become interested in, any of the characters of the story excepting that of the young heroine, immolated on the altar of the author's sensationalism. "Playing With Souls," in short, is the type of novel which would enthrall and excite devoted readers of Miss Marie Corelli.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

POETIC MIND (THE). By F. C. Prescott. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

Professor F. C. Prescott attempts the impossible in "The Poetic Mind." It is his desire to describe the operation of the poet's mind, and he takes as his thesis that poetry is a product of associational thinking as opposed to rational thinking. To prove his points (which, by the way, can never really be proved unless the reader is willing to accept the writer's premises at the very beginning)

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rofessor Prescott applies Freudian rinciples to his investigations. Although the author is crammed with illustrative examples of his reasons for eclaring poetic thought to be mainly ssociative, partly unconscious, tending o universality and half a dozen other hings, it should be pointed out that no oung man reading this book will be ble to coerce his own mind into a poeti- al state.

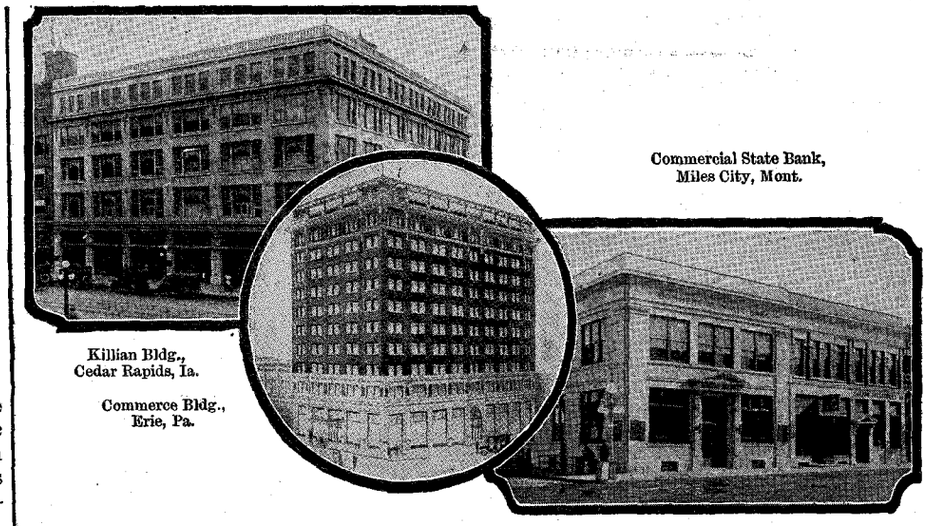
CONTRIBUTORS' GALLERY

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN, nominee for President by three Democratic Conventions and Secretary of State in President Wilson's Administration, has been President of the National Dry Federation since 1918.

SYDNEY GREENBIE, after two years as editor, schoolmaster, and lecturer in California, set out upon an indefinite sojourn in the Pacific. He visited the South Sea Islands, New Zealand, Australia, the Philippines, China, and finally traveled to Japan, where he remained for two years and a half. It was during this stay in Japan that he became intimately acquainted with Robert Young, as his associate on the editorial staff of the "Japan Chronicle." Mr. Greenbie is an expert on Far Eastern affairs. He is the author of a successful book entitled "Japan: Real and Imaginary," of which The Outlook said in a review written at the time of its publication: "It is one of the most interesting books on the Island Empire published within a decade."

BARON D'ESTOURNELLES DE CONSTANT is Senator from the Sarthe in the French Parliament. He spent eight years at the French Embassy in London and was a member of the two Hague Conferences. The translation of his article was made by Mr. Elbert Francis Baldwin, whose correspondence from Lausanne appears in this issue, and was approved by Baron d'Estournelles.

MARGARET WIDDEMER was born in Doylestown, Pennsylvania, and was brought up almost entirely in country towns until her coming to New York in 1916. She has written both verse and prose since early childhood, and has contributed poems and short stories to magazines since 1912. Among her novels are included "The Rose-Garden Husband," "Why Not?" "I've Married Marjorie," and "The Year of Delight." Her poetry comprises "The Factories," "Cross Currents," and "The Old Road to Paradise," which won for her a share with Carl Sandburg in the Pulitzer Prize for the best two books of poems in the year 1917. Her latest work, "A Tree With a Bird in It," is a series of parodies on contemporary American poets.



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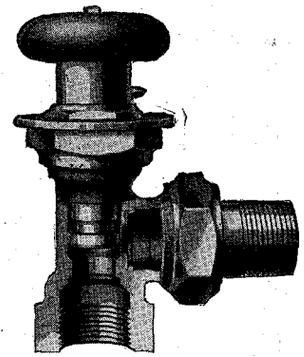

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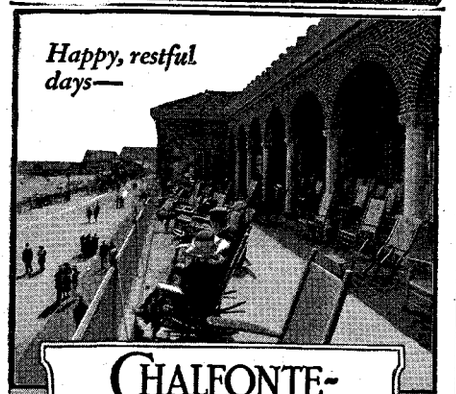

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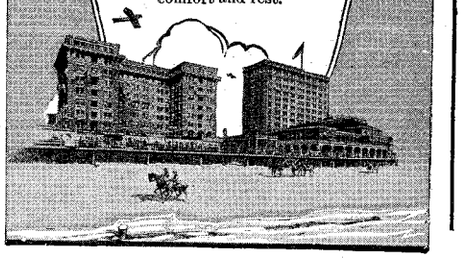


HIGHWAY IMPROVEMENT—A PUBLIC SERVICE

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM WASHINGTON

BY HENRY L. SWEINHART

THERE is no problem that is more closely related to many phases of present-day civilization than that of highway improvement and transportation. It is a problem that touches the life, directly or indirectly, of every man, woman, and child in the United States. It has many angles—social, economic, and financial.

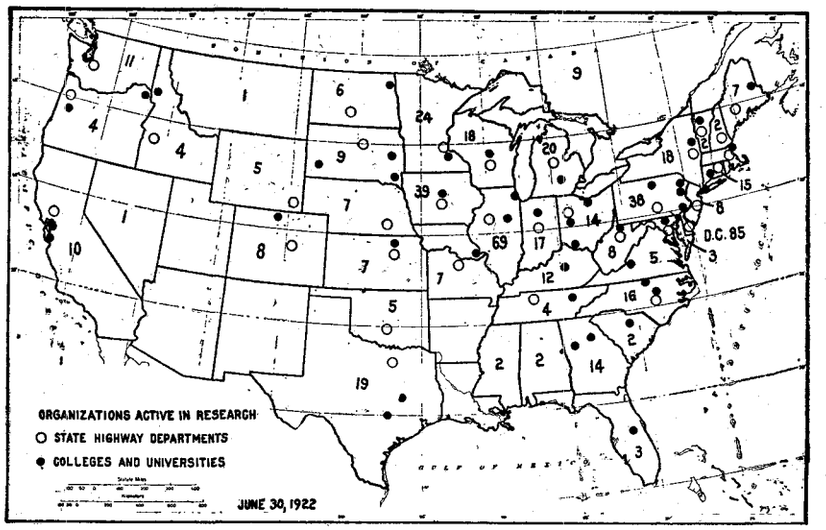
The problem is of recent origin. It came with the advent of the automobile and the motor truck. The speed of the horse was the measuring rod by which the roads of the past were developed. The speed of the automobile and the weight of the motor truck have become the gauge on which development to-day must proceed.

Just as the United States was unprepared for participation in a World War, so it was unprepared for the Aladdin-like spread of the automobile to every corner of the land. Motor development, with its rapid strides in the space of a few years, has run far ahead of highway improvement; and the Nation is now trying to catch up. In this great work, as pointed out at the second National Conference on Education for Highway Engineering and Highway Transport at a recent three-day session in Washington, there is needed, not only technical skill and advice, but also public support of the administrative and engineering organizations engaged in highway work and, in addition, education of the public to a proper use of the highways from a traffic standpoint.

In spite of the fact that the Romans, almost two thousand years ago, built some roads which still exist, that Napoleon gave not only his Code but also many hundreds of kilometers of excellent roads to France, and that there are other scattered examples of good road building, there had been little actual improvement or development in this science from the days when man first began to hew paths through the wilderness down to a period less than a short span of life in the past. Highway improvement, both as a science and as a developed fact, has made greater advances in the past thirty years or less than in all previous history.

This marvelous phenomenon in the history of transportation is the outgrowth of one of the greatest factors in modern civilization—the use of steam and other power to take the place of that formerly furnished by the muscular power of the horse or other animal of burden. Invention has made the highways of the past as useless to modern civilization as a coat of armor would be to the present-day soldier. George Washington would have changed some of his predictions in regard to the lines of commercial and industrial development which this country would take if he could have looked forward a few years to the invention of the steam-engine, which made possible the upbuilding of the West, or still further to the coming of the automobile and the motor truck, supplementing, as they do, the railway in the commercial and social life of the Nation.

The highway transport conference emphasized the vital part which the highway to-day plays in civilization. The highways of the United States must be improved to meet the demands which this civilization is making on them. A good start already has been made; much remains to be done in order that the road-building programme which this country has mapped out for itself may be carried through to meet all the requirements, severe and constantly increasing as they will be, which will be made upon it. All indications point to



THIS MAP SHOWS HIGHWAY IMPROVEMENT RESEARCH WORK BEING DONE IN THE STATES BY ORGANIZATIONS, STATE HIGHWAY DEPARTMENTS, AND COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES

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the belief that the officials in charge of this work have been proceeding in a thoroughly scientific and conservative manner, with an eye to the future, so that it will not be necessary in the years ahead to go back and change the broad outlines of the system which is being employed or the essential parts of any of the actual road-building work which is being done now. The engineers at the head of the Government's road movement are studying their problems carefully, realizing that in this way greater progress will be made in the end.

Highway development has a great future before it. The Conference in Washington, which revealed a spirit of fine co-operation between engineers and educators, between Federal and State authorities, and between the road builders and the automobile interests, brought out the fact that there is need for research work in many branches of the highway improvement field. Further, it was shown by the discussions that the problem of properly financing the great amount of highway construction which remains to be done in the United States must be given careful study. Highway engineering, with its allied Governmental, State, and civic positions, offers many opportunities, it was pointed out, for ambitious young men.

From a sociological point of view, the possibility of the modern highway as a decentralizer, as the most potent agent yet found in the "back-to-the-land" movement, is one that has aroused the intense interest of social worker and economist alike. The highway is taking civilization in all its forms to the farmer. It is giving the dweller on the farm the benefits and the pleasures of the city dweller; it is making commercial, educational, and social opportunities accessible to the farmer. On this account, it is argued, the present-day improved highway should, literally, be the road to take part of the congested city populations to the country. To-day less than one-third of the population of the United States is on farms, it was stated by Dr. C. J. Galpin, economist in charge of farm population and rural life, of the United States Department of Agriculture. Sixty-eight cities of more than 100,000 population each contain nearly another third of the Nation's population, while the balance live in smaller cities and towns.

Improvement in highway construction is being made possible through the great amount of research work that is being done by the Federal Government and the States and in colleges and universities throughout the country. Tests of all sorts are being made. Experimental roads have been built and accurate records kept of the traffic passing over them to determine the effect on various strengths of road and of different kinds of surface material. In one instance a device similar to a seismograph, known as a "profilometer," measures the smoothness of the road. This has been employed on the two-mile experimental Bates Road, in Illinois; as the machine, set on bicycle wheels, moves along there

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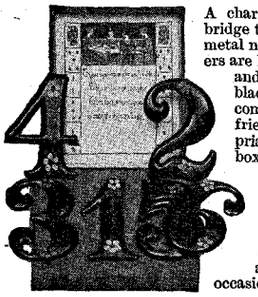

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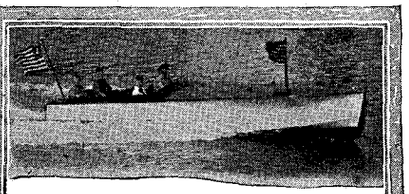

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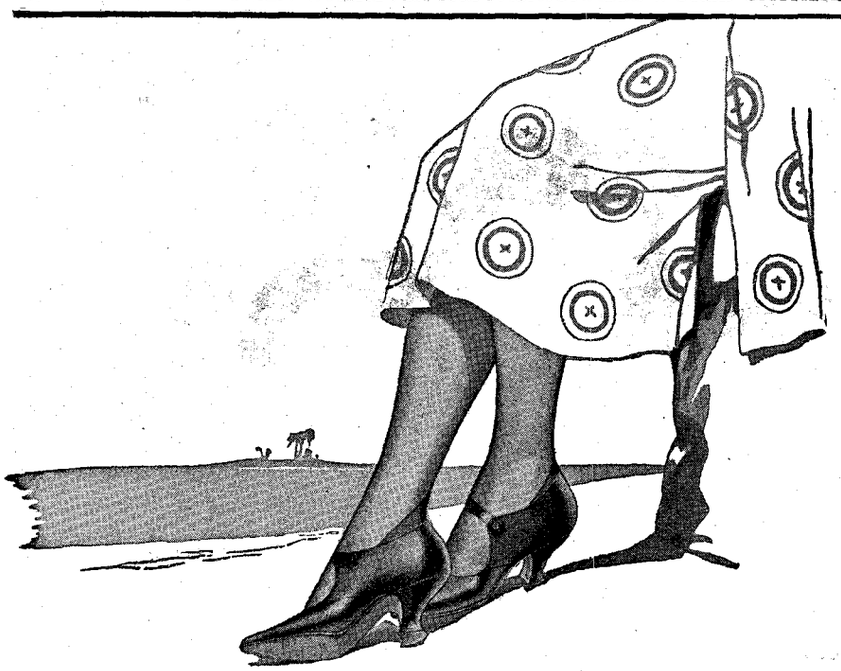

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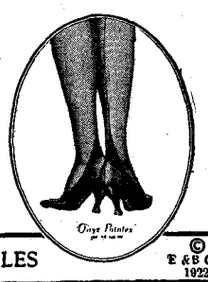

FASHIONED TO ACCENTUATE THE GRACE OF TRIM ANKLES

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HIGHWAY IMPROVEMENT—A PUBLIC SERVICE (*Continued*)

is recorded on a paper a line showing the "profile" of the road. On the Virginia side of the Potomac, at the Arlington experiment farm, within sight of the Lincoln Memorial, the United States Bureau of Public Roads has built a circular test track on which a machine, operating automatically, is used to test the wearing qualities of sections of concrete paving of various kinds. The Bureau conducts many other field and laboratory tests. Attention was directed at the Conference to how many State highway departments, colleges and universities, and other organizations are co-operating in this important research work; and it was pointed out that many of the States have common problems in road building, and that the study along this line in Connecticut and Massachusetts should be made available in Illinois and Wisconsin. One opportunity for study is how to get rid of the "washboard" effect which is found on the asphalt of many city streets. This and numerous other problems present themselves to the young highway engineer.

In 1921, as stated by Thomas H. Macdonald, chief of the United States Bureau of Good Roads, there was expended for highways by all agencies and from all sources an estimated total of more than $700,000,000. The figures for 1922, it is believed, will fall somewhat below those of 1921. The rate of highway improvement has not kept pace with the demand, asserted Mr. Macdonald, and on this account it is certain there will be a "long period of major activity" in road building in the United States. On initial construction of improved highways there must be spent billions of dollars during the next ten or fifteen years; and then there will be permanent maintenance to be taken care of.

How are these vast funds to be raised? That is a question on which there was considerable discussion at the Conference, without any definite answer being given. It is a financial problem of great magnitude, to which, as was pointed out, careful but at the same time prompt attention should be given. It is a problem which is pressing for an answer, for the work must go forward and means must be found to meet the cost.

Who are the beneficiaries of our improved highways? How much of the cost should be met by the present generation through immediate taxation, and how much should be left for posterity, which will receive the roads in good condition presumably, to pay? How should the burden be divided between the heavy motor truck, which with its pounding weight wears out the roads rapidly, and the light automobile, which does not damage the roads to an appreciable extent, but which requires width rather than thickness of road and which collectively occupies a vast amount of surface area on the roads and city streets? How much more should a farmer whose property which increases in value by reason of its abutting an improved highway pay in taxes than the farmer—equally a beneficiary through use of the road—whose property lies some distance away from the road? The following suggestions in regard to the question of financing were placed before the Conference by A. J. Brosseau, a financial authority of the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce:

"First, the preparation of a constructive budget by every State, estimating the cost of the primary and secondary roads to be built, year by year, for the next ten years.

"Second, that, based upon the stage of development of that programme at this time, the cost of construction, all or part, shall be met by bond issues, except in those States where the construction programme is practically complete.

"Third, that a budget of current operating costs be set up to defray interest on bonds, amortization charges, and maintenance. The amount necessary to pay interest and amortization should be included in the general tax levy. The cost of maintenance should be assessed against the user.

"Fourth, that all expenditures should be under the control of the State highway departments.

"Fifth, that regulatory powers should be as flexible as possible and lodged only within the State highway department, to be administered in accordance with the needs of the public."

Where State highway bonds are necessary, they might be issued for as long a period as fifty years, in Mr. Brosseau's opinion.

The Federal Government itself has a fund of $50,000,000 available this year for highway improvement purposes; and this amount will be increased during the next two succeeding years, and probably for a longer period. In order that the States may be prepared to take advantage of the National Government's co-operation in road-building expenses, it has been made known in advance that next year's appropriation will be $60,000,000 and that of the succeeding year $75,000,000.

The money expended on improved highways is for a public service from which all the people benefit in one way or another, through cheapening of transportation costs, through the pleasure of automobiling, through having all the benefits of civilization brought closer to their door. Those engaged in the work of improving the Nation's highways are enthusiastic; it is important that they have an enthusiastic public back of them.

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"YOU, TOO..."

BY MARIA MORAVSKY

It always irritates me in the extreme when I read an advertisement ending this way:

"You, too, with the help of our miraculous pills, can become the head of a firm." "You, too, with the help of our Correspondence School, may improve your digestion." "You, too, with our Twin Cleanser may write perfectly sellable scenarios," and so on.

Did I mix them slightly? Never mind, no harm done. The trustful Americans would not lose much if most of these advertisements were interposed, in pieces, in a crazy quilt of words. For they are words, and words only.

There are such things as heritage, the weight of the brain, the size of our hands, and a thousand other differences, long ago "premeditated" by our ancestors and by the history of our race. We can change them to a certain extent, but not indefinitely and not with equal ease. If I cannot count easily the change given me by my grocer, can I cherish ambition of becoming a first-class accountant? No, I rather prefer to remain a free-lance writer. If my Newfoundland friend whose ancestors heard nothing but the beating of the great waves against their island in the way of classical music cannot tell Wagner from Sibelius, should he strive to be a great musician? I would not advise him to. Impossible is impossible, and "one cannot jump above one's head," as the Russian saying goes. So let us stop jumping.

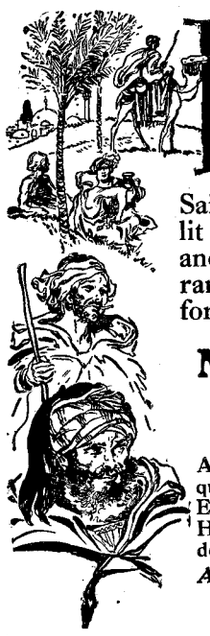
It may sound cruel to an ambitious young man who spends his spare time training himself for a "responsible executive" that he had better quit. But it is only cruelty of words. It is much more cruel to put into his head that he can be a leader of men if he cannot even impress the office boy to supply him with enough blanks. It is rather misleading for one to hope to be a wizard of finance if he could not make that little shop of his pay after two years of effort. "If you cannot succeed at first, quit, quit at once!" justly says Stephen Leacock.

Some of the biggest firms in the States have enough self-respect to forswear this kind of advertisement. A friend of mine who had offered to a well-known photographic company an advertisement story about earning a living by selling "photos" to the papers received from the vice-president of the company this dignified reply:

"We cannot use advertisements which would lead an average amateur photographer into the belief that he can equal the professional. We promise our customers only the kind of results which ninety-nine out of a hundred can easily obtain."

There is honesty for you! How many of the "You, Too's" can promise such results?

Stop grasping your prospective buyer by the sleeve! Every merchant can sell good goods without exaggerating their merits.



WINTER VACATION VOYAGES

Sail away to summer days and starlit nights — to the lands of color and romance that edge the Mediterranean or to thirteen of the gorgeous foreign lands that dot the Caribbean.

MEDITERRANEAN

ADRIATIC (24,541 tons)

From New York Feb. 24

A transatlantic liner, famous for de luxe quarters, cuisine and service. You visit Egypt, Italy, the Riviera. (Greece and the Holy Land, if you wish.) Ample time for delightful shore excursions.

Accommodations at very moderate rates.

WEST INDIES

By White Star Liner

MEGANTIC (20,000 tons disp.)

Specially constructed for cruising

Inquire for details

From New York Feb. 17, Mar. 22

Inquire for details

28 days of delight among the interesting and diverting countries beneath the Southern Cross—includes Panama Canal and La Guaira, South America. Rates as low as $250. No passports.

WHITE STAR LINE

No. 1 Broadway, New York

IMPORTANT TO SUBSCRIBERS

WHEN YOU NOTIFY THE OUTLOOK OF A CHANGE IN YOUR ADDRESS, BOTH THE OLD AND THE NEW ADDRESS SHOULD BE GIVEN. KINDLY WRITE, IF POSSIBLE, TWO WEEKS BEFORE THE CHANGE IS TO GO INTO EFFECT.

TARPON INN

Tarpon Springs

FLORIDA

On the West Coast

"The Venice of the South"

Finest climate in Florida

Pure, wholesome drinking water.

Private baths, elevator, steam heat.

Excellent table. Exceedingly comfortable rooms.

Through Pullmans.

Fishing and boating.

Boats for Anclote River trip start from the wharf in front of hotel.

Reasonable rates. Booklet.

GEORGE Q. PATTEE, Proprietor

FURNESS BERMUDA LINE

(Under Contract with Bermuda Gov't.)

All Sports in a Climate of Everlasting Spring

—Only 2 Days from New York

Golf (Two 18-Hole Courses), Tennis, Motor Boating, Sailing, Bathing, Riding, Horse Racing, Trap-shooting, etc.

No Passports

Sailings Twice Weekly

From New York Wed. & Sat.
Via Palatial, Twin-Screw, Oil-Burning, Transatlantic Liners

S.S. "Fort Victoria"

S.S. "Fort St. George"

Each 14,000 Tons Displacement

Fastest steamers — landing passengers directly at Hamilton Dock, avoiding the inconvenience of transfer by tender. Tickets interchangeable.

Furness Bermuda Line

34 Whitehall St., New York

Or any Local Tourist Agent

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THE OUTLOOK CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING SECTION

Advertising Rates: Hotels and Resorts, Apartments, Tours and Travel, Real Estate, Live Stock and Poultry, sixty cents per agate line, four columns to the page. Not less than four lines accepted.

"Want" advertisements, under the various headings, "Board and Rooms," "Help Wanted," etc., ten cents for each word or initial, **including the address, for each insertion.** The first word of each "Want" advertisement is set in capital letters without additional charge. If answers are to be addressed in care of The Outlook, **twenty-five cents** is charged for the box number named in the advertisement. Replies will be forwarded by us to the advertiser and bill for postage rendered.

Address: ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT, THE OUTLOOK, 381 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

Tours and Travel

'O THE MEDITERRANEAN AND ITALY IN APRIL

Tour sailing April 18.

Leisurely travel.
Interesting routes.
Interpretive leadership.
First class throughout.

Write to

:UREAU OF UNIVERSITY TRAVEL
·5 Boyd St. Newton, Mass.

EUROPE-ORIENT AROUND THE WORLD

Popular Tours at Popular Prices

Comprehensive itineraries, experienced leaders, splendid accommodations, frequent sailings.
Send for booklets.

BENNETT'S TRAVEL BUREAU
500 Fifth Avenue, New York City **681 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.**

·ducational Tours to EUROPE, ·Summer 1923. Organizer of small party ıll be given free trip to Europe. Address Edu-·tional Tours, 160 E. College St., Oberlin, O.

ıurope Summer 1923 Superb Routes. Expe-rienced leadership. ımited number. For details write R. H. ıowning, Secretary, 117 Elm St., Oberlin, O.

EUROPE 1923

Travel with us to the picturesque capitals of the Old World: Edinburgh, London, Paris, Brussels, Amsterdam, Rome.

Send for new booklet, Europe 1923

THE TEMPLE TOURS
65 A Franklin Street, Boston, Mass.

EUROPE Sailing from Montreal, June 22, June 29 and July 6, visiting England, Holland, Belgium, The Rhine, Germany, Switzerland, Italy (including Naples), Monaco (Riviera), France. **$745**

MENTOR TOURS 53 W. Jackson Blvd. CHICAGO

ıummer 1923 — Two college women oing abroad, willing to chaperon girls to ıeir destination in Europe. 8,485, Outlook.

)pportunity for FOUR GIRLS to visit Europe this summer under ıompetent chaperonage. Sailing June 12 for aples, returning Aug. 24. Glasgow-Montreal. ıice $2,000. For particulars address Mrs. ert Wirtz, Mt. Washington, Baltimore, Md.

EUROPE—EGYPT, PALESTINE, GREECE

We specialize in the organization of Tours ı meet the requirements of families and ·ivate parties whether accompanied or in-ependent.

We know and appreciate the difficulty of ıe visitor to Europe—what to see in a given me and what to omit. From personal ex-ıience we are able to advise on all such ınts.

Consult us about your journey. Our price ıall be inclusive of travel, hotels, tips, sight-eing, etc.

LOVIBOND TRAVEL BUREAU, LTD.
Albany Court Yard, Piccadilly, London, ng. Resident Director in Palestine: Mr. . N. Tadros, F.R.G.S., P. O. Box 51, Jaffa.

Tours and Travel

THE beauty, fascination, and mystery of the Orient lures visitors from all over the world to

JAPAN

The quaintest and most interesting of all countries. Come while the old age customs prevail. Write, mentioning "Outlook" to

JAPAN HOTEL ASSOCIATION
Care Traffic Dept.
IMPERIAL GOVERNMENT RAILWAYS
TOKYO
for full information.

Rates for a single room without bath and with 3 meals, $5-6 in cities and popular resorts, $4-5 in the country

Englishman, teacher, traveler, will conduct small group of BOYS, England, Scotland. Unusual opportunity. June 13—Sept. 15. 8,479, Outlook.

EUROPE BECKONS

WE can make your travel EASY
OUR TOURS
include Rome, Switzerland, Netherlands, France and British Isles. Sailing June 27. Twelfth Season.
ROOMS WITH PRIVATE BATH
on the steamer for those enrolling early.
HIGH GRADE TOURS at a very MODERATE PRICE. Write for an Illustrated Itinerary to
WORTHWHILE TOURS
17 Aldworth St., Boston 30, Mass.

FREE TRIP TO EUROPE will be given an organizer of a small party. Established 1900. BABCOCK'S TOURS, 13 Halsey St., Brooklyn.

GATES TOURS TO EUROPE—30 to 80 days of delightful European travel under experienced and competent guidance. Prices $425 and up. Write for Booklet H-5.
GATES TOURS—*Founded 1892.*
"World Travel at Moderate Cost"
225 Fifth Avenue, New York

EUROPEAN *"Tours of Character"* We guarantee the maximum of comfort and pleasure at a cost as low as is consistent with good service. THE SCHILLING TOURS, affiliated with the Capital Nat'l Bank, ST. PAUL, MINN.

EUROPE 1923 Students' Tour **$745**
July 3. Popular Tour June 30. Other tours. PIERCE TOURS, 1472 Broadway, New York.

Combine Travel and Study

with

The European Summer School

Special Tour for Architects!

In 1923 we offer

20 Scholarships to Art Teachers

10 Scholarships to Architects

20 Scholarships to Teachers of Greek History

Write for details to

The Bureau of University Travel
15 Boyd Street, Newton, Mass.

Hotels and Resorts

ALASKA

ALASKA OUR LAST FRONTIER

Have a real vacation with us next summer in this wonderland, now easily reached. Magnificent scenery, comfortable camps. Hunting, fishing, prospecting, exploring.
THE TAKU RIVER COMPANY, Juneau, Alaska

Hotels and Resorts

BERMUDA

FRASCATI HOTEL

BERMUDA

A homelike Hotel, modern equipment, centrally located. A delightful water front with unsurpassed sea bathing, boating, fishing, tennis and dancing. **Nearest Hotel to the 18-hole Mid-Ocean and 9-hole Prospect Golf Courses.**

OPEN ALL YEAR

LEWIS O. DAVIDSON, Manager.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Hotel LaFayette

WASHINGTON, D.C.

On beautiful Sixteenth Street, one square north of White House. Catering to exclusive clientele. The center of all that is worth while in Washington
Hotel Chatham, New York, same management

ENGLAND

The BERYSTEDE HOTEL ASCOT—The ideal family hotel, patronized by the élite of Europe and America. Garage, motorcars, saddlehorses, tennis court, croquet lawn, dance room, etc. Phone 153 and 154 Ascot. Telegrams, Berystede, Ascot.

NEW JERSEY

PINE TREE INN
Lakehurst, N. J.
WARM—MOST COMFORTABLE
Booklet. Albert A. Le Roy.

NORTH CAROLINA

The Manor

Albemarle Park
Asheville, N.C.

A "perfectly charming" English Inn, in the glorious Land of the Sky. Southern hospitality, perfect service, concentrated comfort.
Perfect Golf in a Perfect Climate
Open All Year
ALBERT H. MALONE, Manager
Write for Booklet "O." Make Reservations

MARGO TERRACE HOTEL

Asheville, N. C.

A select family hotel occupying a most beautiful and healthful location. Combining the best features of both hotel and home. Wonderful scenery and motor roads. Splendid golf all the year. For further particulars, address **P. H. Branch, owner and manager**

Hotels and Resorts

NEW YORK CITY

Hotel Hargrave

West 72d St., through to 71st St., New York

300 rooms, each with bath. Absolutely fireproof. One block to 72d St. entrance of Central Park. Comfort and refinement combined with moderate rates. Send for illustrated booklet J.

HOTEL JUDSON 53 Washington Square adjoining Judson Memorial Church. Rooms with and without bath. Rates $3.50 per day, including meals. Special rates for two weeks or more. Location very central. Convenient to all elevated and street car lines.

PENNSYLVANIA

Pocono Manor Winter Inn

American Plan **Moderate Rates**

References Required

The happy land of winter sports and health-giving rest. Skiing, skating, tobogganing and snowshoeing. Bracing climate, excellent food, comfortable rooms, personal attention.

The ideal week-end trip.

Less than three hours from New York via the D. L. & W. R. R. It is suggested that reservations be made at once.

H. ARTHUR HALL, Manager
Pocono Manor, Pa.

"Pennsylvania's Most Healthful Resort"

Towanda, Pa., Woodleigh. Luxurious country home—beautiful estate; accessible L. V. R. R.; owner trained nurse. Fine air, good food, steam heat, open wood fires, electricity. Rooms en suite with private baths; sun parlors, automobiles, horses; simple life. For booklet address Miss ELIZABETH LAMB.

Health Resorts

Sanford Hall, est. 1841

Private Hospital
For Mental and Nervous Diseases

Comfortable, homelike surroundings; modern methods of treatment; competent nurses. 15 acres of lawn, park, flower and vegetable gardens. Food the best. *Write for booklet.*

Sanford Hall Flushing New York

Howe Home—For elderly women and women mentally unfit to care for themselves. Well recommended. Sixteen beds. 410 Jefferson Ave., Wheaton, Illinois. Phone 162.

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To Real Estate Owners and Dealers

All indications point to an active and profitable spring market for real estate. You are interested in reaching possible buyers.

The Outlook will issue three special Real Estate Numbers, dated February 21, March 21, and April 18. A small advertisement in these special issues will enable you to reach thousands of prospective buyers and renters.

In the three corresponding special issues for 1921 The Outlook published 337 separate real estate advertisements.

In the same issues for 1922 The Outlook carried 353 real estate advertisements.

The steady growth in volume of real estate advertising is the best indication of the particular value of The Outlook in bringing consistent results.

The rate for real estate advertising is only 60 cents a line. We will be glad to aid you in the preparation of copy. Write us promptly, sending full information regarding your property.

Real Estate Department, The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City

Health Resorts

AN VALEN SANATORIUM
YONKERS, N. Y.
Psycho-Therapeutic Treatment. Booklet.

Real Estate

MASSACHUSETTS

APE COD Ocean Front Bungalows
Moderate rents.
S. W. Ball, 56 Pine St., N. Y.

NEW YORK

:00 Secures 100-Acre Farm
rses, tools, 100 bu. potatoes, 10 bu. apples, tons hay, tools; 7-room house, 36-ft. barn. $1,700, only $400 needed. Details page 79 alog Farms 33 States. Copy free. STROUT RM AGENCY, 150 BM Nassau St., N. Y. C.

ungalow Sites Ideal and reasonable, among trees on cliffs river; secluded, but on State road; city er and electricity. Near 1,000 Islands. Act ckly, settling estate Douglas, Theresa, N.Y.

NORTH CAROLINA

Pinehurst
NORTH CAROLINA

Winter Homes

For Sale and for Rent

S. NEWCOMB & COMPANY

AUTOMOBILES

AUTOMOBILE owners, garagemen, mechanics, send today for free copy America's most popular motor magazine. Contains helpful articles on overhauling, repairing, ignition, carburetors, batteries, etc. Automobile Digest, 527 Butler Bldg., Cincinnati.

Live Stock

White Scotch Collies

Ideal dog for city or country, guardian for baby, pal for son, defender for daughter, comfort to mother. Herd any kind of animals. Beautiful, hardy, healthy, country grown pedigree stock. Pair will raise $300 worth of puppies a year. The kind we *sent to Captain Amundsen* for North Pole trip. Write us what you need a dog for.
ISLAND WHITE COLLIE KENNELS
Dept. O, Oshkosh, Wis., U. S. A.

BOOKS, MAGAZINES MANUSCRIPTS

SPEAKERS.—Special subjects prepared; lectures, articles, orations, debates. Expert service. Authors' Research Bureau, 500 Fifth Ave., New York.

BOOK MANUSCRIPTS WANTED. Full-length fiction, detective and mystery stories. Immediate reading and report. Dorrance, Publishers, 308 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

SAFE 8% FIRST MORTGAGE INCOME CERTIFICATES additionally secured, tax exempted, quarterly payments. Permanent or reconvertible. Ask circulars. Home Building & Loan Co., Jacksonville, Fla.

EMPLOYMENT AGENCIES

TEACHERS needed for January, February, and September, all departments of schools and colleges. Special terms. THE INTERSTATE TEACHERS' AGENCY, Macheca Building, New Orleans, La.

STATIONERY

UNUSUALLY desirable stationery for any type of correspondence. 200 sheets high grade note paper and 100 envelopes printed with your name and address postpaid $1.50. Samples on request. You can buy cheaper stationery, but do you want to? Lewis, 284 Second Ave., Troy, N. Y.

OLD Hampshire bond; 100 sheets (6¼x7) and 75 envelopes, printed, $2 delivered. Franklin Printery, Warner, N. H.

PRINTED PERSONAL STATIONERY. Send name and address to be printed on 200 sheets, 100 envelopes. Special offer, $1. Address Dept. H 1., PARAMOUNT PAPER CO., Kalamazoo, Mich. Add 10% West of Denver.

FOR $1 postpaid. 200 sheets bond note paper and 100 envelopes printed with your name and address. 10c extra west of the Mississippi. Order direct or write for samples. M. C. Harp, Box 139E, Lansingburg, N. Y.

STATIONERY

ENGRAVING, printing. Cards, invitations, letterheads. Anna Wildman, The Clinton, Philadelphia.

HELP WANTED

Business Situations

HOTELS NEED TRAINED MEN AND WOMEN. Nation-wide demand for high-salaried men and women. Past experience unnecessary. We train you by mail and put you in touch with big opportunities. Big pay, fine living, interesting work, quick advancement, permanent. Write for free book, "YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY." Lewis Hotel Training Schools, Suite 5842, Washington, D. C.

EXCEPTIONALLY attractive girls' camp can use efficient field secretary; also councilors with following. 3,242, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WORKING housekeeper, family three adults, New York suburbs. References. 3,251, Outlook.

WANTED—Woman to manage household and direct varied interests of family—two boys and a girl, all past 15. Exceptional qualifications required. Address 3,260, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

NURSERY governess. French or Swiss Protestant; must have intelligence and patience. Permanent position in country; two children, 4 and 7. References required. Mrs. H. Chambers, River Road, Louisville, Ky.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

LADY of middle age desires position of housemother in widower's family where children need care. Experience with children of all ages. Can furnish best of references. 3,237, Outlook.

LADY (40) desires position—chaperon young girl, care infant, or assume charge home and motherless children or during mother's absence. Thoroughly experienced. Excellent references. 3,238, Outlook.

COMPANION, experienced and capable of teaching and caring for young child, desires position. Accustomed to traveling by water. *Never been ill and without fear.* Excellent references. Write M. A. Arnold, Box 1342, Providence, R. I.

DIRECTING housekeeper-companion in private household, small hotel, club. An American Christian widow with twelve years' excellent references. 3,255, Outlook.

DIETITIAN and household manager, practical, gentlewoman, age 41 years, congenial, efficient. 10 years' experience in one of the best schools in America, desires a position in a boys' school or college. Will go anywhere. 3,262, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

LADY, experienced traveler, would act as guide or chaperon to two or three persons traveling in Europe next summer. References exchanged. 3,256, Outlook.

HOUSEKEEPER-manager by woman who understands thoroughly all branches of housekeeping. Excellent personal references. 3,257, Outlook.

YOUNG college woman with technical training desires position as housekeeper. Will take entire charge. References exchanged. 3,264, Outlook.

WIDOW of refinement desires position as companion. Best of references. 3,261, Outlook.

WIDOW, trained nurse, as mother's helper, housemother in boarding school, or similar position of responsibility. Best of references. Reply to 1011 Spring Garden St., Greensboro, N. C.

Teachers and Governesses

FRENCH and music. Private or class. References. Quick results. Madame C., 3,253, Outlook.

RECTOR, formerly head master, will act as tutor-companion to one or two boys (ages 12-14) going abroad. References. Available June to September. 3,259, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a very thorough nurses' aid course of six months is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Monthly allowance and full maintenance is furnished. For further information address Directress of Nurses.

BOYS wanted. 500 boys wanted to sell The Outlook each week. No investment necessary. Write for selling plan, Carrier Department, The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Ave., New York City.

MISS Guthman, New York shopper, will shop for you, services free. No samples. References. 309 West 99th St.

FREE TUITION—including even board and room, to young women ages 18 to 35 learning in New York City or Chicago institutions a recognized profession paying $200 month salary on graduation. Apply for details to 1101 Times Bldg., Times Sq., N. Y. C., or 1515 Capitol Bldg., Chicago.

A SUGGESTION—Sleep on a perfectly seasoned balsam pine pillow. Soothing, refreshing, invigorating (beautifying). Ask your doctor. Size 16″ x 11″, $1.35 postpaid. Pine Pillow Co., Dept. O, Inwood Station, N. Y.

NURSE will care for semi-invalids or elderly persons in her home. Mrs. Osborne, 612 Lincoln Ave., Dunellen, N. J.

TYPEWRITING done at home; neat, accurate, and rapid work assured. 3,267, Outlook.

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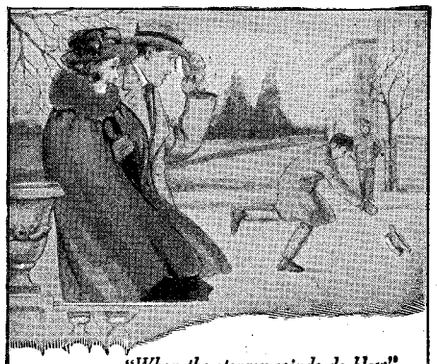


"When the stormy winds do blow"

So goes the old sea song, and it would be good advice to add

DRINK

Baker's Cocoa

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

It is warming and sustaining, for it has genuine food value, and may be safely indulged in any hour of the day, for it is stimulating only in the sense that pure food is stimulating.

It is delicious too

MADE ONLY BY

Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.

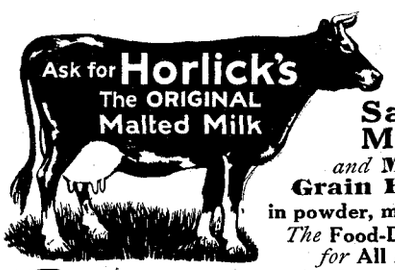
Established 1780

DORCHESTER, MASS.

Booklet of Choice Recipes sent free

Army Auction Bargains

20 ga. Hand and Shoulder Gun . **$14.85**
Luger pistol **$21.50** | Haversacks . **15** up
Krag rifle **$12.50** | TENTS **$1.95** up
Full set Army steel letters and figures, **$1.00**
15 acres army goods. Illustrated catalog for **1922**—372 pages—including full and highly interesting information (specially secured) of all World War small arms, mailed 50 cents. NEW circular, 16 page, 10 cents. **Established 1865.**
Francis Bannerman Sons, 501 Broadway, N.Y.



Safe Milk *and* **Malt Grain Ext.** in powder, makes *The* **Food-Drink** *for* **All Ages**

Avoid Imitations—Substitutes

BY THE WAY

"At Wayland, Kentucky," says a traveler who writes in the "Type Metal Magazine," "I was met by a team of tough mules hitched to a 'jolt' wagon. In this 'jolt' wagon I traveled twelve miles over the worst road I have ever seen. The journey took five hours. At times one side of the wagon sank into a rut three feet deep. Every hundred feet we dropped into holes two to four feet deep. The road followed a creek, which we crossed and recrossed forty-one times in the twelve miles. Not a single bridge has ever been constructed in this district. The people here sell little, and they buy little except shoes, overalls, crockery, tinware, and a few canned goods. The chief reason for this is the cost of transportation—seventy-five cents a hundred pounds for hauling over the twelve-mile trail from Wayland.

"As I came north," the traveler continues, "and reached the beautiful National highway at Columbus, Ohio, I could not help making an obvious comparison. The most shiftless farmer in this section is a plutocrat compared to the Kentucky mountaineer. . . . We are making headway. I do not think any of us would care to trade what we have to-day for the conditions which prevailed a century ago"—and which still seem to prevail in some of the mountainous parts of Kentucky, chiefly owing to the condition of the roads.

The following couldn't have happened in America. It occurred in London, as reported in "Punch:"

"Specialist—'One more question before you go. What do you drink?' Patient—'Thank you kindly, doctor—just a spot of whisky.'"

New York City, with its vast area of 300 square miles, still includes a good many farms, according to the last Census. They number 800 in all, comprising about 20,000 acres. But this number is less than half the number of farms in the city twenty years ago. The value of the 800 farms is over $35,000,000, of which only about one-ninth is credited to buildings. Another generation will doubtless see the transformation of most of these farms into city lots.

"Madam, what is your subject?—it's escaped my mind," a toastmaster asked of the next speaker, as reported by an Arkansas subscriber. "I don't need any subject," retorted the woman; "I can talk anyway." "This reminds me," our contributor goes on, "of the man who attended a banquet and listened to a speaker for two hours. 'What did he talk about?' the wife asked him when he went home. 'Why, he didn't say,' replied the weary husband."

"Getting a royal flush is so rare an experience in poker-playing," once declared a card expert, "that when a man is lucky enough to draw one the news is often sent to the papers like the birth of a two-headed calf or a three-legged chick." This assert[illegible] mind with the reading [illegible] heading, "Makes a Royal [illegible] Then Drops Dead." The paragr[illegible]ol lows:

> Davenport, Iowa, Jan. 13.—"A royal flush!" exclaimed Charles Hass, while at the home of a friend, playing poker this afternoon. He had discarded two cards and picked up a jack and ten of spades, filling out a premier hand. As he reached for the chips he fell dead of a paralytic stroke.

"San Francisco buys more flowers pe[illegible] capita than any other city in the world." So says the San Francisco Chamber o[illegible] Commerce. The downtown streets ar[illegible] gay with flower stands every month i[illegible] the year, according to an article in th[illegible] "Journal of the National Educatio[illegible] Association." "Twenty-five cents—o[illegible] 'two bits' as they say in California—wil[illegible] buy an armful of flaming marigolds. I[illegible] the spring, the blossom-filled 'Valley o[illegible] Heart's Delight' draws superlatives fr[illegible] the most seasoned globe-trotter." Lo[illegible] Angeles papers please copy!

Under the heading "The Best Shor[illegible] Stories of 1922 B.C." the New Yor[illegible] "Herald" gives an honored place t[illegible] these specimens of the humor of t[illegible] ancient world:

An Irish laborer in Bristow-off-Tyn[illegible] had been warned to be careful of [illegible] quarry pit in the neighborhood. Hi[illegible] foreman saw him suddenly stagger an[illegible] disappear over the crest of the openi[illegible]

At once he ran to the edge. "Are y[illegible] dead, Padraic?"

"Sure, an' I'm kilt entirely."

"Man, you don't sound dead."

"Well, if I'm not dead, I'm knocke[illegible] spacheless."

"Prisoner, you are accused of stealin[illegible] a pig."

"Yes, your Honor."

"Did you take it?"

"Yes, your Honor."

"You plead guilty to theft?"

"No, your Honor. I took it for joke."

A thoughtful frown creased the ju[illegible]cial brows. "How far did you carry th[illegible] pig?"

"Just over to my house—a matter o[illegible] two miles."

"You carried that joke entirely t[illegible] far."

From the "Princeton Tiger:"

Citizen—"So you refused $3,000 spo[illegible] cash to let this liquor truck go?" Cop—"Yes, sir." Citizen—"Were you re[illegible] warded for your honesty?" Cop—"Sure[illegible] sir; the chief gave me a case."

From the "Fliegende Blaetter:"

"How old are you, miss?" "I hav[illegible] seen four and twenty summers." "An[illegible] how many years were you blind?"

From the Munich "Simplicissimus:"

"What! Dinner isn't ready? The[illegible] I'm going to a restaurant." "But wai[illegible] just five minutes." "Will it be read[illegible] then?" "No, I'll come with you."

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